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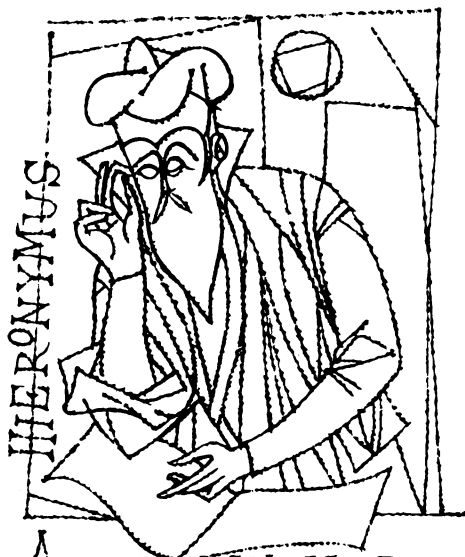
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# HYMNS

FOR THE

## CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

FOR THE USE OF THE

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST IN BOSTON, *Mass.*  
=

*A. L. Locke*  
                    

BOSTON:

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

1873.

HDL

(Subst.)

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## P R E F A C E.

1871

IN the year 1842, the "Christian Psalter" took the place of Belknap's "Psalms and Hymns" in the worship of First Church, and has gained a good report from the congregation as a book of praise. It has been found, however, that a large portion of the contents was rarely or never used, whilst not a few favorite hymns were sought for in vain. Moreover, it was believed that a much smaller volume would abundantly meet the wants of the worshippers. Some two hundred and fifty hymns have been gratefully retained from the "Psalter." The remainder have been gathered from sources open to all, the object being to provide, not a collection of sacred poetry, but a book of hymns for public worship. The compiler has endeavored to fulfil the desire of the congregation, as expressed in the vote of the proprietors at the annual meeting in April, of the present year, by putting into their hands at once an

abridgment and an enlargement of the "Christian Psalter," so grafting the new upon the old, and maintaining unbroken the continuity of their worship. May this volume aid them to make melody in their hearts to the Lord!

OCTOBER 1, 1868.

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## God.

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### I. GENERAL PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

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1.

C. M.

PATRICK.

*Te Deum.*

- 1 O God! we praise thee, and confess  
That thou the only Lord  
And everlasting Father art,  
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;  
To thee the powers on high,  
Both cherubim and seraphim,  
Continually do cry,—
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
The world is with the glory filled  
Of thy majestic sway!
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,  
And prophets crowned with light,  
With all the martyrs' noble host,  
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy Church throughout the world,  
O Lord! confesses thee,  
That thou eternal Father art,  
Of boundless majesty.

## 2.

L. M.

ROSCOE.

*Song of Adoration.*

- 1 LET one loud song of praise arise  
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;  
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,  
And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,  
To him, sole good, give praises due;  
Let all the truth himself inspires  
Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,  
Obedient to thy holy will,  
Let all our faculties, combined,  
Thy just commands, O God! fulfil.
- 4 Oh, may the solemn-breathing sound  
Like incense rise before thy throne,  
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,  
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone!

## 3.

8s &amp; 7s M.

DUBLIN COL

*All Creatures invoked to praise God. Ps. 148.*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;  
Praise him, angels in the height;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;  
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;  
Laws, which never can be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.

- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;  
Never shall his promise fail ;  
God hath made his saints victorious ;  
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high his power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Praise and magnify his name !

4.

7s M.

BOWRING

*Every good Gift from the Father.*

- 1 FATHER! thy paternal care  
Has my guardian been, my guide ;  
Every hallowed wish and prayer  
Has thy hand of love supplied.  
Thine is every thought of bliss,  
Left by hours and days gone by ;  
Every hope thine offspring is,  
Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray ;  
Every moon that shines serene ;  
Every morn that welcomes day ;  
Every evening's twilight scene ;  
Every hour which wisdom brings ;  
Every incense at thy shrine, —  
These, and all life's holiest things,  
And its fairest, — all are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise  
Daily to thy gracious throne :  
Thither let my asking eyes  
Turn unwearied, righteous One !



Through life's strange vicissitude  
There reposing all my care ;  
Trusting still, through ill and good,  
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

5.

L. M. 6 lines.

MOORE.

*God in Nature.*

- 1 THOU art, O God! the Life and Light  
Of all this wondrous world we see :  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from thee.  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze,  
Through opening vistas, into heaven,—  
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,—  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful 'spring around us breathes,  
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;  
And every flower that summer wreathes,  
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

6.

C. P. M.

REV. H. MOORE.

*God is Love.*

- 1 My God, thy boundless love I praise;  
How bright on high its glories blaze!  
How sweetly bloom below!  
It streams from thine eternal throne;  
Through heaven its joys for ever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,  
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,  
Their genial drops distil;  
In every vernal beam it glows,  
And breathes in every gale that blows,  
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,  
And pours its flowery beauties round,  
Whose sweets perfume the gale;  
Its bounties richly spread the plain,  
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,  
And smile in every vale.
- 4 But in thy word we see it shine  
With grace and glory more divine,  
Proclaiming sins forgiven;  
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way  
To realms of everlasting day,  
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me blest,  
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,  
And ardent gratitude;  
And all my thoughts and passions tend  
To thee, my Father and my Friend,  
My soul's eternal good.

7.

7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Glory to God in the highest.*

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new heavens and earth;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No: the Church delights to raise  
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

8.

P. M.

HEBER.

*Thrice holy.*

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to  
thee;  
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth,  
sky, and sea.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the  
glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before  
thee,  
Thou who wast, and art, and evermore shalt  
be!
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide  
thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may  
not see,  
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,  
Infinite in power, in love, and purity!

9.

7s M.

MILTON.

*Praise to God. Ps. 136.*

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us blaze his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God;  
For his mercies, &c.

- 3 Who, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light;  
For his mercies, &c.
- 4 Caused the golden-tressed sun  
All day long his course to run;  
For his mercies, &c.
- 5 And the moon to shine by night,  
'Mongst her spangled sisters bright;  
For his mercies, &c.
- 6 His own people he did bless,  
In the wasteful wilderness;  
For his mercies, &c.
- 7 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Viewed us in our misery;  
For his mercies, &c.
- 8 All his creatures he doth feed;  
His full hand supplies their need;  
For his mercies, &c.
- 9 Let us, therefore, warble forth  
His high majesty and worth;  
For his mercies, &c.

10.

7s M.

J. TAYLOR.

*Glory to God.*

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,  
God whose glory fills the sky;  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,  
Man, the well beloved of heaven.

- 2 Favored mortals, raise the song ;  
Endless thanks to God belong :  
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,  
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Mark the wonders of his hand ;  
Power, no empire can withstand ;  
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;  
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 4 Gracious Being ! from thy throne  
Send thy promised blessings down ;  
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,  
Bid our raging passions cease.

11.

C. M.

RIPPON'S COL

*Hallowed be thy Name.*

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King ;  
Thrice holy, Lord ! the angels cry ;  
Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind  
Pay, O my soul ! to God ;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach :  
A trusting heart shall please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul  
From sinful passion free ;  
And, pure in heart, may I behold  
A God of purity !

12.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Praise.*

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of his choice;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear his holy name,  
And laud and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame,  
From his own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And raise to heaven our thought!
- 4 There, with benign regard,  
Our hymns he deigns to hear;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
The spirit feels him near.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;  
The Lord your God adore;  
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,  
Henceforth, for evermore.

13.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth. Ps. 57.*

- 1 MY God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love and grace unknown,  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings  
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;  
The Lord will my desires perform:  
He sends his angel from the sky,  
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God!  
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise  
Immortal honors to thy name:  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise, —  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God!  
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

14.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Preserving Grace.*

- 1 To God, the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.



- 3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

## 15.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Perpetual Praise.*

- 1 GOD of my life! through all its days  
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;  
The song shall wake with opening light,  
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But, oh! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chained to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies!

- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains  
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul can live:  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands and crowns eternity!

16.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;  
All ye lands, your voices raise;  
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,  
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,  
Past and present and to be,  
Like the years of his right hand,  
Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love,  
Praise him from the depths beneath;  
Praise him in the heights above;  
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

17.

S. M.

{ Variation from HAMMOND,  
by MADAN.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb!  
Wake every heart and every tongue  
To praise the Saviour's name!

- 2 Sing of his dying love ;  
Sing of his rising power ;  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues ;  
Sing till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way, —  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,  
Ye blessed children, come ;  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.

18.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Praise to God from all Nations. Ps. 117.*

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

19.

S. M.

WATTS.

Ps. 117.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands :  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;  
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchanged no more.

20.

8s &amp; 7s M.

FAWCETT.

*Universal Praise.*

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !  
Praise to thee from every tongue ;  
Join, my soul, with every creature, —  
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound his praise through earth and heaven ;  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

## II. CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

---

21.

L. M.

WRETFORD.

*The present God.*

- 1 God of the ocean, earth, and sky,  
In thy bright presence we rejoice;  
We feel thee, see thee, ever nigh;  
We ever hear thy gracious voice.
- 2 We feel thee in the sunny beam;  
We see thee walk the mountain waves;  
We hear thee in the murmuring stream,  
And when the midnight tempest raves.
- 3 God on the lonely hills we meet;  
God in the valley and the grove;  
While birds and whispering winds repeat  
That God is there, — that God is Love.
- 4 We meet thee in the silent hour,  
When wearied Nature sinks to rest,  
When dies the breeze, and sleeps the flower,  
And peace is given to every breast.
- 5 We see thee when, at eve, afar  
We upward lift our wondering sight;  
We see thee in each glittering star  
That beautifies the gloom of night.
- 6 But better still, and still more clear,  
Thee in the sacred page we see:  
There thy own glorious words we hear,  
And learn the way to heaven and thee.

22.

L. M.

BOWRING.

*God is Everywhere.*

- 1 FATHER and Friend! thy light, thy love,  
Beaming through all thy works, we see;  
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,  
And all the earth is full of thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,  
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,  
Involved in clouds, invisible,  
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part  
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;  
But this we know, that where thou art,  
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.
- 4 And through the various maze of time,  
And through the infinity of space,  
We follow thy career sublime,  
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.
- 5 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
Sustained by this delightful thought,—  
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,  
They cannot be where thou art not.

23.

C. M.

KEBLE.

*"The invisible things of him, clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."*

- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God above, below,  
Within us, and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace :  
It steals in silence down ;  
But where it lights, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.
- 5 One name, above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues,  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.
- 6 The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display ;  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
Thy Spirit's viewless way.
- 7 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.

24.

L. M.

ADDISON.

*The Heavens declare the Glory of God. Ps. 19.*

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue, ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,  
And all the planets, in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found,—  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
“The hand that made us is divine.”

25.

L. M.      MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

“*The Day is thine, the Night also is thine.*” Ps. lxxiv. 16, 17.

- 1 MY God! all nature owns thy sway;  
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day;  
When all thy loved creation wakes,  
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,  
And bathes in dew the opening flower  
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;  
And when she pours her choral song,  
Her melodies to thee belong.



- 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,  
The evening slowly spreads her shade,  
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,  
Still every fond and vain desire,  
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;  
From earth the pensive spirit free,  
And lead the softened heart to thee.
- 3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,  
In every form by thee impressed,  
Upon the mountain's awful head,  
Or where the sheltering woods are spread,  
In every note that swells the gale,  
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,  
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,  
A voice is heard of praise and love.
- 4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,  
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,  
Oh, never may their smiling train  
Pass o'er the human sense in vain!  
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,  
Attune the wandering soul to praise;  
And be the joys that most we prize  
The joys that from thy favor rise!

26.

L. M.

STERLING.

*Law and Love.*

- 1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,  
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!  
Thy depth would every heart appall,  
That saw not love supreme in thee.

- 2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,  
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;  
We know thee truly but in this,—  
That thou bestowest all our good.
- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,  
Oh, grant us still in thee to dwell,  
And through the ceaseless web to trace  
Thy presence working all things well!
- 4 Nor let thou life's delightful play  
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;  
Nor strength and gladness lead astray  
From thee, our nature's only guide.
- 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill  
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;  
Make pure thy children's erring will,  
And teach their hearts to love thy law!

27.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Praise for Creation and Providence.*

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food;  
He formed the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.

- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn my eye,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow  
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
Are subject to thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.
- 7 His hand is my perpetual guard;  
He keeps me with his eye:  
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh?

28.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Perfections and Providence of God. Ps. 86.*

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large;  
Both man and beast thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.

- 4 My God, how excellent thy grace!  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

29.

L. M.

WATTS.

*God's Wonders of Creation and Providence. Ps. 136.*

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;  
The King of kings with glory crown:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fixed the starry lights on high:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light;  
He bids the moon direct the night:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt and darkness and the grave:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly seat:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

30.

H. M.

WATTS.

*God's Wonders of Creation and Providence. Ps. 136.*

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,  
The universal Lord,  
The sovereign King of kings,  
And be his grace adored:  
His power and grace  
Are still the same;  
And let his name  
Have endless praise.
- 2 How mighty is his hand!  
What wonders hath he done!  
He formed the earth and seas,  
And spread the heavens alone:  
Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.
- 3 He sent his only Son  
To save us from our woe,  
From Satan, sin, and death,  
And every hurtful foe:  
His power and grace  
Are still the same;  
And let his name  
Have endless praise.
- 4 Give thanks aloud to God,  
To God the heavenly King,

And let the spacious earth  
His works and glories sing :  
Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.

31.

L. M.

BROWN.

*Praise to the only true God. Ps. 86.*

- 1 ETERNAL God, Almighty Cause  
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,  
All things are subject to thy laws ;  
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
Of all within itself possessed ;  
Controlled by none are thy commands ;  
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs ;  
Worship to thee alone we give ;  
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,  
And to thy glory may we live.
- 4 Lord, spread thy name through heathen lands ;  
Their idol deities dethrone ;  
Subdue the world to thy commands,  
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

32.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The all-seeing God. Ps. 139.*

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through ;  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

- 2 Within thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I find thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 3 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!  
What large extent! what lofty height!  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 4 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

## 33.

H. M.

WATTS.

*God's Majesty and Sovereignty.*

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;  
His throne is built on high;  
The garments he assumes  
Are light and majesty:  
His glories shine  
With beams so bright,  
No mortal eye  
Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law:  
And where his love  
Resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms  
And seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King  
 Of glory condescend?  
 And will he write his name  
 "My Father and my Friend"?  
 I love his name,  
 I love his word;  
 Join, all my powers,  
 And praise the Lord.

34.

L. M. 6 lines.

WATTS.

*Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth. Ps. 146.*

- 1 ILL praise my Maker with my breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life and thought and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?  
 Princes must die and turn to dust;  
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood;  
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power  
 And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,  
 Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
 On Israel's God; he made the sky,  
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
 His truth for ever stands secure;  
 He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,  
 And none shall find his promise vain,
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;  
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;



He sends the laboring conscience peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

35.

C. M.

BROWNE.

*Universal Goodness of God.*

- 1 LORD, thou art good ; all nature shows  
Its mighty Author kind :  
Thy bounty through creation flows,  
Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole in every part proclaims  
Thy infinite good-will :  
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,  
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 We view it o'er the spreading main,  
And heavens, which spread more wide ;  
It drops in gentle showers of rain,  
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,  
Through ages past and gone ;  
Nor ever can exhausted be,  
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,  
Spreads joy through every part ;  
Oh, may such love attract my eyes,  
And captivate my heart !

36.

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

*God our Creator and Benefactor.*

- 1 MY Maker and my King,  
To thee my all I owe;  
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring  
From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind,  
A thousand reasons move,  
A thousand obligations bind,  
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,  
On thee alone I live;  
My God, thy benefits demand  
More praise than life can give.
- 4 O, what can I impart,  
When all is thine before?  
Thy love demands a thankful heart  
The gift, alas, how poor!
- 5 O, let thy grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine!  
Let all my powers to thee aspire,  
And all my days be thine.

37.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Praise for spiritual and temporal Mercies. Ps. 103.*

- 1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul!  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favors are divine.

- 2 O, bless the Lord, my soul!  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
'Tis he relieves thy pain;  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He fills the poor with good;  
He gives the sufferers rest;  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for the oppressor.
- 5 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known,  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

38.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Abounding Compassion of God. Ps. 108.*

- 1 My soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

- 4 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

39.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*God's Grace.*

- 1 How rich thy favors, God of grace!  
How various and divine!  
Full as the ocean they are poured,  
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,  
And leads the wondrous way  
To his own palace, where he reigns  
In uncreated day.
- 3 The songs of everlasting years  
That mercy shall attend,  
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,  
To joys that never end.

40.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The divine Goodness in Afflictions.*

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,  
We own thy power divine;  
We hear thy breath in every storm,  
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,  
They work thy sovereign will;  
And, awed by thy majestic voice,  
Confusion shall be still
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast  
To them that seek thy face,  
And mingles with the tempest's roar  
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,  
Till all the tumult cease;  
And gales of paradise shall lull  
My weary soul to peace.

41.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Him who is invisible.*

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King  
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;  
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,  
When God with all his lustre's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,  
The great Invisible can see,  
And with its tremblings mingle joy,  
In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,  
Shamed in thy presence, disappears;  
And all the glowing, raptured soul  
The likeness it contemplates wears.
- 4 Oh, ever-conscious to my heart,  
Witness to its supreme desire,  
Behold, it presseth on to thee,  
For it hath caught the heavenly fire!
- 5 This one petition would it urge, —  
To bear thee ever in its sight;  
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,  
Its only portion and delight.

42.

L. M.

KIPPIS.

*To the unknown God.*

- 1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view  
Attempts to look thy nature through;  
Our laboring powers with reverence own  
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
Who countless years his God has sought,  
Such wondrous height or depth can find,  
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show  
Enough for mortal minds to know;  
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,  
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 Oh, may our souls with rapture trace  
Thy works of nature and of grace!  
Explore thy sacred name, and still  
Press on to know and do thy will.

43.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Bounties of Providence.*

- 1 FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,  
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed  
The copious drops of genial rain,  
Which through the hills, and through the meads,  
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;  
Yet millions of our guilty race,  
Though by thy daily bounty fed,  
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;  
But what thy liberal hand imparts,  
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,  
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,  
When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
And thou, our God, enjoyed in all.

44.

H. M.

WATTS.

*God our Preserver. Ps. 121.*

- 1 UPWARD I lift my eyes;  
From God is all my aid, —  
The God that built the skies,  
And earth and nature made:

God is the tower  
To which I fly;  
His grace is nigh  
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,  
And fall in fatal snares,  
Since God, my Guard and Guide,  
Defends me from my fears:  
Those wakeful eyes,  
That never sleep,  
Shall Israel keep,  
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there:  
Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade,  
To guard my head  
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath:  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high  
Thou call me home.



45.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Divine Protection. Ps. 121.*

- 1 Up to the hills I lift my eyes, —  
The eternal hills beyond the skies;  
Thence all her help my soul derives;  
There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood;  
The heavens with all their hosts he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;  
His morning smiles bless all the day;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel — a name divinely blest —  
May rise secure, securely rest;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

46.

S. M.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

*God working in the Soul.*

- 1 'TIS God the spirit leads  
In paths before unknown:  
The work to be performed is ours;  
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,  
We still pursue our way;  
And hope at last to reach the prize,  
Secure in endless day.

- 3 'Tis he that works to will,  
'Tis he that works to do ;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

47.

C. M.

STERNHOLD.

*The divine Shepherd. Ps. 23.*

- 1 My Shepherd is the living Lord ;  
I therefore nothing need :  
In pastures fair, with waters calm,  
He sets me forth to feed.
- 2 He did convert and glad my soul,  
And brought my mind in frame  
To walk in paths of righteousness  
For his most holy name.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in vale of death,  
Yet will I fear no ill ;  
Thy rod, thy staff, doth comfort me,  
And thou art with me still.
- 4 And in the presence of my foes  
My table thou shalt spread ;  
Thou shalt, O Lord ! fill full my cup,  
And thou anoint my head.
- 5 Through all my life, thy favor is  
So frankly showed to me,  
That in thy house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

48.

S. M.

WATTS.

*God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.*

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is ;  
I shall be well supplied ;  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my following days ;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

49.

L. M. 6 lines.

ADDISON.

*God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.*

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;  
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

50.

C. M.

J. Q. ADAMS.

*Ps. 23.*

- 1 MY Shepherd is the Lord on high;  
His hand supplies me still;  
In pastures green he makes me lie,  
Beside the rippling rill:

- He cheers my soul, relieves my woes,  
 His glory to display;  
 The paths of righteousness he shows,  
 And leads me in his way.
- 2 Though walking through death's dismal shade,  
 No evil will I fear;  
 Thy rod, thy staff, shall lend me aid,  
 For thou art ever near:  
 For me a table thou dost spread  
 In presence of my foes;  
 With oil thou dost anoint my head;  
 By thee my cup o'erflows.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy mercy sure  
 Shall bless me all my days;  
 And I, with lips sincere and pure,  
 Will celebrate thy praise:  
 Yes, in the temple of the Lord  
 For ever I will dwell;  
 To after time thy name record,  
 And of thy glory tell.

51.

11s.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;  
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;  
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when  
 oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though  
 I stray,  
 Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;  
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,  
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth  
o'er;  
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;  
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more!
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!  
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;  
I seek — by the path which my forefathers trod,  
Through the land of their sojourn — thy kingdom  
of love.

52.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*God's Care a Remedy for ours.*

- 1 How gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care."
- 2 While Providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell;  
That hand, which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's thro:  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved  
Down to the present day;  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

53.

C. M.

COWPER.

*Light shining out of Darkness.*

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head:
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

54.

8s &amp; 7s M.

BOWRING.

*God is Truth and Love.*

- 1 GOD is love ; his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we move ;  
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;  
Man decays, and ages move ;  
But his mercy waneth never :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will his changeless goodness prove ;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Everywhere his glory shineth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

1841. Aug. 1857.  
 H. J. J.

55.

7s M.

COWPER.

*Welcome, Cross.*

- 1 'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss :  
Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all, —  
This is happiness to me.



- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil;  
These spring up and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil:  
Trials make the promise sweet;  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

56.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Discipline of Providence merciful.*

- 1 How gracious and how wise  
Is our chastising God!  
And, oh, how rich the blessings are,  
Which blossom from his rod!
- 2 He lifts it up on high  
With pity in his heart,  
That every stroke his children feel  
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus they bow,  
And own his sovereign sway;  
They turn their erring footsteps back  
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant love they seek,  
And seek the happy bands,  
That closer still engage their hearts  
To honor his commands.
- 5 Dear Father, we consent  
To discipline divine,  
And bless the pains that make our souls  
Still more completely thine.

57.

C. M.

ADDISON.

*God's merciful and constant Protection.*

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renewed my face;  
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

58.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Deliverance celebrated and good Resolutions formed.*

- 1 GREAT Source of life, our souls confess  
The various riches of thy grace;  
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,  
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;  
By thee were earth's foundations laid;  
And all the charms of men's abode  
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,  
When trembling on the verge of death;  
Gently it wipes away our tears,  
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;  
Kindled by him, by him restored;  
And, while our hours renew their race,  
Still would we walk before his face.
- 5 So, when by him our souls are led  
Through unknown regions of the dead,  
With joy triumphant shall they move  
To seats of nobler life above.

59.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Days of the Upright known to God.*

- 1 To thee, my God, my days are known;  
My soul enjoys the thought;  
My actions all before thy face,  
Nor are my faults forgot.

- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents  
Is vocal to thine ear ;  
And all my walks of daily life  
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,  
Thy mercy shall approve ;  
And every pang of sympathy,  
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light  
Is gilded by thy rays ;  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,  
And in thy view I die ;  
And, when each mortal bond is broke,  
Shall find my God is nigh.

60.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Providences of God recorded. Ps. 78.*

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God performed of old,  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of power and grace ;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs,  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.

- 4 Thus they shall learn in God alone  
Their hope securely stands,  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practise his commands.

61.

C. M.

TATE &amp; BRADY.

*God the Defence of the Just. Ps. 34.*

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O, magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his name ;  
When, in distress, to him I called,  
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliverance he affords to all  
Who on his succor trust.
- 4 O, make but trial of his love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you his service your delight ;  
He'll make your wants his care.

62.

L. M.

WATTS.

*God's care of the Saints. Ps. 84.*

- 1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days ;  
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue,  
My soul shall glory in thy grace,  
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me ;  
Come, let us all exalt his name ;  
I sought the eternal God, and he  
Has not exposed my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief ;  
My secret groaning reached his ears ;  
He gave my inward pains relief,  
And calmed the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes ;  
Their faces feel the heavenly shine ;  
A beam of mercy from the skies  
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents  
Around the men that serve the Lord :  
O, fear and love him, all his saints ;  
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

63.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Saints' Trial and Safety. Ps. 125.*

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And firm as mountains be,  
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,  
That leans, O Lord ! on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
 Old Salem's happy ground,  
 As those eternal arms of love  
 That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere  
 And lead them safely on  
 To the bright gates of Paradise,  
 Where Christ their Lord is gone.

64.

10s M.

JONES VERY.

*God's Fatherly Care.*

- 1 FATHER! there is no change to live with thee,  
 Save that in Christ I grow from day to day;  
 In each new word I hear, each thing I see,  
 I but rejoicing hasten on my way.
- 2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,  
 And I, new-wakened, find a morn within;  
 And in its modest dawn around me shed,  
 Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.
- 3 Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades  
 descend;  
 Yet they could never reach as far as me,  
 Did not thy love its kind protection lend,  
 That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

65.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*God the Dwelling-Place of his People through all Generations.*

- 1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,  
 Hast to thy saints a refuge been;  
 Through every age, eternal God,  
 Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;  
In thee our fathers still are blest;  
And while the tomb confines their dust,  
In thee their souls abide and trust.
- 3 Lo, we are risen, — a feeble race, —  
Awhile to fill our fathers' place;  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace,  
In this uncertain wilderness,  
When friends desert and foes invade,  
Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell in flesh no more,  
To thee our separate souls shall come,  
And find in thee a surer home.
- 6 To thee our infant race we leave;  
Them may their fathers' God receive,  
That voices yet unformed may raise  
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

66.

L. M.

SIR W. SCOTT.

*Imploring the constant Presence of God.*

- 1 WHEN IsraëL, of the Lord beloved,  
Out of the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.



- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,  
To temper the deceitful ray!
- 4 And, O, when stoops upon our path,  
In shade and storm, the frequent night,  
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light.

67.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Faith encouraged.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims  
His various and his saving names;  
O, may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure experience known.
- 2 Let great Jehovah be adored,  
The eternal, all-sufficient Lord,  
He through the world most high confessed,  
By whom 'twas formed, and is possessed.
- 3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless  
The God of Abram, God of peace;  
Now by a dearer title known,—  
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through every age his gracious ear  
Is open to his servants' prayer;  
Nor can one humble soul complain  
That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare  
In whispers to suggest a fear,  
While still he owns his ancient name?  
The same his power, his love the same.

- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,  
To thee we lift expecting eyes,  
And boldly through the desert tread,  
For God will guard where God shall lead.

68.

8s &amp; 7s M.

GRINFIELD.

- 1 O how kindly hast thou led me,  
Heavenly Father, day by day!  
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,  
Furnished friends to cheer my way!  
Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,  
With thy smile, or with thy rod,  
'Twas that still my step might hasten  
Homeward, heavenward to my God!
- 2 O how slowly have I often  
Followed where thy hand would draw!  
How thy kindness failed to soften!  
How thy chastening failed to awe!  
Make me for thy rest more ready,  
As thy path is longer trod;  
Keep me in thy friendship steady,  
Till thou call me home, my God!

69.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,  
And long to fly away;
- 2 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace  
For all things to depend;

- 3 Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust his firm decrees;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his;
- 4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.
- 5 There shall my disimprisoned soul  
Behold him and adore;  
Be with his likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more.

## Christ and Christianity.

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### I. CHRIST.

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70.

C. M. SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

*The Universal Triumphs of the Messiah's Kingdom. Is. ii. 2-8.*

- 1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to his house, we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge;  
His judgments truth shall guide;  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds  
Disturb those peaceful years;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.

- 6 No longer hosts encountering hosts  
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.

71.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Christ's Message.*

- 1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes!  
The Saviour promised long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

72.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom. Ps. 98.*

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ,  
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

73.

11s M.

DRUMMOND.

*Prepare ye the Way of the Lord.*

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill!  
The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the way!  
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,  
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering  
to heaven,  
And be the low valley exalted on high;  
The rough path and crooked be made smooth  
and even,  
For Zion, your King, your Redeemer, is nigh!

- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illume;  
 The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;  
 The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,  
 And the olive of peace spreads its branches  
 abroad.

74.

7s M.

BOWRING.

*For Advent or Christmas.*

- 1 WATCHMAN! <sup>First Voice.</sup> tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are.  
 Traveller! <sup>Second Voice.</sup> o'er yon mountain's height  
 See that glory-beaming star!  
 Watchman! <sup>First Voice.</sup> does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
 Traveller! <sup>Second Voice.</sup> yes; it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel!  
 Watchman! <sup>First Voice.</sup> }  
 Traveller! <sup>Second Voice.</sup> } Yes, it brings, &c.

- 2 Watchman! <sup>First Voice.</sup> tell us of the night;  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Traveller! <sup>Second Voice.</sup> blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
 Watchman! <sup>First Voice.</sup> will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Traveller! <sup>Second Voice.</sup> ages are its own:  
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth.  
 Watchman! <sup>First Voice.</sup> }  
 Traveller! <sup>Second Voice.</sup> } Ages are its own, &c.

**3** Watchman! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.

**First Voice.**

**Traveller! darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.**

**Second Voice.**

**First Voice.**  
**Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;**  
**Hie thee to thy quiet home.**

**First Voice.**

**Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,  
Lo, the Son of God, is come!**

**Second Voice.**

First Voice.  
Watchman! } Lo, the Prince of Peace, &c.  
Second Voice.  
Traveller! }

**First Voice.**

## Watchman!

**Second Voice.**

## Traveller!

75.

**P. M.**

{ MILTON. Altered by  
{ Rev. Dr. GARDINER.

*Angels proclaiming the Birth of Christ.*

1 No war nor battle's sound  
Was heard the world around ;  
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;  
But peaceful was the night,  
In which the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 The shepherds on the lawn,  
Before the point of dawn,  
In social circle sat; while all around,  
The gentle, fleecy brood,  
Or cropped the flowery food,  
Or slept or sported on the verdant ground,—

3 When, lo! with ravished ears,  
Each swain delighted hears  
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand;  
Divinely-warbled voice,  
Answering the stringed noise,  
With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.



4 They saw a glorious light  
Burst on their wondering sight;  
Harping in solemn choir, in robes arrayed,  
The helmed cherubim  
And sworded seraphim  
Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed.

5 Sounds of so sweet a tone  
Before were never known  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While God disposed in air  
Each constellation fair,  
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

6 "Hail, hail, auspicious morn!  
The Saviour Christ is born!"  
Such was the immortal seraph's song sublime;  
"Glory to God in heaven!  
To man sweet peace be given,  
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time."

76.

C. M.

PATRICK.

*Nativity of Christ.*

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind, —  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign: —

- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, and thus  
Addressed their joyful song:—
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace!  
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease!"

77.

C. M.

E. H. SEARS.

*Christmas Hymn.*

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains!
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,  
Shed sacred glories there;  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
 Loud with their anthems sing;  
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
 From heaven's eternal King."

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
 The Saviour now is born!  
 And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

78.

P. M.

EPISCOPAL COL.

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

1 ZION! the marvellous story be telling,  
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!  
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon  
 earth.

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, &c.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,  
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo  
 round;  
 How free to the faithful he offers salvation,  
 How his people with joy everlasting are  
 crowned.

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, &c.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;  
 Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,  
 One chorus resound through the earth and the

*Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, &c. [skies.

79.

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

*The Guiding Star.*

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,  
With mild, benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed  
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light  
Now points to his abode;  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O, haste to follow where it leads!  
The gracious call obey;  
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads  
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O, gladly tread the narrow path,  
While light and grace are given!  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,  
Shall reign with him in heaven.

80.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

*Advent.*

- 1 Hark! the herald-angels sing:  
"Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;  
God and sinners reconciled."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations! rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With the angelic host, proclaim:  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

- 3 Mild, he lays his glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die;  
 Born to raise the sons of earth;  
 Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all he brings,  
 Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Let us, then, with angels sing:  
 "Glory to the new-born King;  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild;  
 God and sinners reconciled."

81.

C. M.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

*A Light to lighten the Gentiles.*

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined,  
 Have seen a glorious light;  
 The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
 In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,  
 The gathering nations come,  
 Joyous, as when the reapers bear  
 The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a Child of hope is born,  
 To us a Son is given;  
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
 Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
 Whose rule shall stretch abroad,  
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
 The great and mighty Lord.

- 5 His power, increasing, still shall spread ;  
His reign no end shall know ;  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below.

82.

7s M.

- 1 SONS of men, behold from far,  
Hail the long-expected star !  
Star of truth that gilds the night,  
Guiding devious nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death ;  
Scattering error's wide-spread night,  
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste to see your Lord appear ;  
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,  
Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the day-spring rise,  
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;  
See it chase the shades away,  
Shining to the perfect day.

83.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Christ revealed to Jews and Gentiles.*

- 1 How beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Sion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !

- 2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet the tidings are!  
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

84.

S. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

*Christ's Manifestation.*

- 1 WE meditate the day  
Of triumph and of rest,  
When, shown of God and shaped in clay,  
The Word was manifest.
- 2 The angels saw and sung;  
Earth listened far and wide;  
Believed and preached, — a faith, — a tongue;  
The Word was glorified.

- 3 Lord, give it gracious sweep,  
And here its errand bless,  
Whose mercy sent it o'er the deep,  
To glad a wilderness.
- 4 Ray out its starry light,  
To guide our pilgrim way;  
A sign of hope through this world's night,  
And brighter than its day.
- 5 Again thy witness-voice!  
Again thy spirit-dove!  
That hearts may in its trust rejoice,  
And soften with its love.
- 6 Send round its blessed cup,  
As once in Galilee;  
And catch our dull affections up  
To heaven and Christ and thee.

85.

10s M.

POPE, altered.

*Gentiles coming into the Church.*

- 1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!  
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!  
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!  
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate  
kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings!



- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains;  
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

86.

11s &amp; 10s M.

HEBER

*Epiphany.*

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 3 Vainly we offer each costly oblation;  
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 4 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

87.

7s &amp; 6s M.

MONTGOMERY.

*All Nations shall call him blessed.*

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!  
 Great David's greater Son!  
 Hail in the time appointed,  
 His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,  
 To set the captive free,  
 To take away transgression,  
 And rule in equity.

- 2 He shall come down like showers  
 Upon the fruitful earth ;  
 And joy and hope, like flowers,  
 Spring in his path to birth :  
 Before him, on the mountains,  
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
 And righteousness, in fountains,  
 From hill to valley flow.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing  
 And daily vows ascend ;  
 His kingdom still increasing,  
 A kingdom without end :  
 The mountain dew shall nourish  
 A seed in weakness sown,  
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
 And shake like Lebanon.

88.

C. M.

E. H. SEARS.

*The Nativity.*

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old,  
 From angels bending near the earth  
 To touch their harps of gold :  
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
 From heaven's all gracious king :"  
 The world in solemn stillness lay  
 To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
 With peaceful wings unfurled ;  
 And still the heavenly music floats  
 O'er all the weary world :

Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on heavenly wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long ;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong ;  
And men at war with men hear not  
The love-song which they bring :  
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing !

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow, —  
Look now ! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing :  
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing !

5 For lo ! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold ;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

89.

L. M.

BOWRING.

*Jesus teaching the People.*

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven he came ; of heaven he spoke ;  
To heaven he led his followers' way ;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 " Come, wanderers, to my Father's home ;  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

90.

L. M.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

*" It is I ; be not afraid."*

- 1 WHEN Power divine, in mortal form,  
Hushed with a word the raging storm,  
In soothing accents Jesus said, —  
" Lo, it is I ; be not afraid."
- 2 So when in silence nature sleeps,  
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,  
One thought shall every pang remove :  
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

- 3 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven  
 To every heart in sunder riven,  
 When love and joy and hope are fled,  
 "Lo, it is I; be not afraid."
- 4 God calms the tumult and the storm;  
 He rules the seraph and the worm;  
 No creature is by him forgot,  
 Of those who know, or know him not.
- 5 And when the last dread hour shall come,  
 While shuddering Nature waits her doom,  
 This voice shall call the pious dead, —  
 "Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

91.

L. M.

MILMAN.

*Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.*

- 1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
 Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!  
 Thy humble beast pursues his road,  
 With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!  
 O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,  
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
 The wingèd squadrons of the sky  
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes,  
 To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
 The Father on his sapphire throne  
 Expects his own anointed Son!

92.

L. M.

STENNETT.

*"It is finished."*

- 1 "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head, and died :  
"'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 "'Tis finished!" all that heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old ;  
And truths are opened to our view,  
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 "'Tis finished!" Son of God, thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;  
And yet our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to thee.

93.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The attractive Influence of the Cross.*

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing sight ;  
The Saviour lifted high !  
Behold the Son of God's delight  
Expire in agony !
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,  
Were all these sorrows borne ?  
Why did he feel that piercing smart,  
And meet that various scorn ?
- 3 For love of us he bled,  
And all in torture died :  
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head  
And oped his gushing side.

- 4 I see, and I adore  
    In sympathy of love;  
I feel the strong, attractive power  
    To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such cords as these,  
    Let all the earth combine,  
With cheerful ardor, to confess  
    The energy divine.
- 6 In thee our hearts unite,  
    Nor share thy griefs alone,  
But from thy cross pursue their flight  
    To thy triumphant throne.

94.

P. M.

W. J. Fox.

*Stabat Mater.*

- 1 JEWS were wrought to cruel madness,  
Christians fled in fear and sadness,  
    Mary stood the cross beside.
- 2 At its foot her foot she planted,  
By the dreadful scene undaunted,  
    Till the gentle sufferer died.
- 3 Poets oft have sung her story,  
Painters decked her brow with glory,  
    Priests her name have deified;
- 4 But no worship, song, or glory,  
Touches like that simple story,—  
    “ Mary stood the cross beside.”
- 5 And when under fierce oppression  
Goodness suffers like transgression,  
    Christ again is crucified.

- 6 But if love be there, true-hearted,  
By no grief or terror parted,  
Mary stands the cross beside.

95.

7s M. 6 lines.

MONTGOMERY.

*Christ our Example in Suffering.*

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel temptation's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see;  
Watch with him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from his griefs away;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
O, the wormwood and the gall!  
O, the pangs his soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mounful mountain climb;  
There, admiring at his feet, -  
Mark that miracle of time, —  
God's own sacrifice complete:  
"It is finished," hear him cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid his breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom;  
Who has taken him away?  
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes;  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.



96.

8s &amp; 7s M.

BOWRING.

*Christian Experience. Trials and Temptations.*

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the Sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

97.

L. M. 6 lines.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

*The Angel at the Tomb.*

- 1 THE mourners came, at break of day,  
Unto the garden sepulchre,  
With saddened hearts to weep and pray  
For him, the loved one, buried there.  
What radiant light dispels the gloom?  
An angel sits beside the tomb.

- 2 The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,  
 All sepulchred beneath the snow,  
 When wintry winds and chilling frost  
 Have laid her summer glories low;  
 The spring returns, the flow'rets bloom, —  
 An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 3 Then mourn we not beloved dead,  
 E'en while we come to weep and pray;  
 The happy spirit hath but fled  
 To brighter realms of heavenly day;  
 Immortal hope dispels the gloom, —  
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

98.

7s M.

WESLEY.

*Easter.*

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
 Sons of men and angels say:  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
 Fought the fight, the battle won:  
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;  
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell!  
 Death in vain forbids his rise;  
 Christ hath opened Paradise!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King:  
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
 Once he died our souls to save:  
 Where thy victory, O Grave?

- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 Risen with him, we upward move:  
Still we seek the things above;  
Heaven our aim, and loved abode,  
Hid our life with Christ in God.
- 7 Hid, till Christ our life appear,  
Glorious in his members here;  
Joined to him, we then shall shine,  
All immortal, all divine.
- 8 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!  
Praise to thee by both be given!  
Thee we greet triumphant now!  
Hail the Resurrection thou!
- 9 King of glory, Soul of bliss!  
Everlasting life is this,  
Thee to know, thy power to prove,  
Thus to sing and thus to love.

99.

P. M.

H. WARE, JR.

*Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;  
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,  
And short the dominion of death and the grave;  
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound  
him,  
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:  
Loud was the chorus of angels on high, —  
The Saviour hath risen and man cannot die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy,  
The being he gave us death cannot destroy :  
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,  
If tears were our birthright, and death were our  
end;  
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,  
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend :  
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

100.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,  
That clothed himself in clay,  
Entered the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose ;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honor in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings ;  
Your sweetest voices raise ;  
Let heaven and all created things  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

101.

L. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

*Rising with Christ.*

- 1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,  
If risen indeed with him ye are,  
Superior to the joys below,  
His resurrection's power declare.
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove;  
By actions show your sins forgiven;  
And seek the glorious things above,  
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 To him continually aspire,  
Contending for your native place,  
And emulate the angel-choir,  
And only live to love and praise.
- 4 Your real life, with Christ concealed,  
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;  
And, glorious as your Head revealed,  
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

## II. CHRISTIANITY.

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102.

H. M.

WATTS.

*Christ the Guide and Shepherd.*

- 1 GREAT Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name ;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came :  
    The joyful news  
    Of sins forgiven,  
    Of hell subdued,  
    And peace with heaven.
- 2 Be thou my Counsellor,  
My Pattern, and my Guide ;  
And through this desert land  
Still keep me near thy side :  
    O, let my feet  
    Ne'er run astray,  
    Nor rove, nor seek  
    The crooked way.
- 3 I love my Shepherd's voice ;  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wandering soul among  
The thousands of his sheep :  
    He feeds his flock,  
    He calls their names,  
    His bosom bears  
    The tender lambs.

103.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Christ's Commission.*

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love  
Its chief-beloved chose,  
And bade him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 Now, sinners, dry your tears;  
Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offered peace.
- 4 Lord, we obey thy call;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.

104.

L. M.

MASON.

*Christ the Image of God.*

- 1 O THOU, at whose almighty word  
Fair light at first from darkness shone,  
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,  
And trace the Father in the Son.
- 2 While we thine image, there displayed,  
With love and admiration view,  
Form us in likeness to our Head,  
That we may bear thine image too.

105.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Christ the Sun of Righteousness.*

- 1 To thee, O God, we homage pay,  
Source of the light that rules the day;  
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,  
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace  
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness;  
Whose nobler light salvation brings,  
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine  
With beams of light and love divine;  
Quickened by him, our souls shall live,  
And cheered by him shall grow and thrive.
- 4 O, may his glories stand confessed,  
From north to south, from east to west;  
Successful may his gospel run,  
Wide as the circuit of the sun.
- 5 When shall that radiant scene arise,  
When, fixed on high in purer skies,  
Christ all his lustre shall display  
On all his saints through endless day?

106.

S. M.

NEEDHAM

*Christ the Light of the World.*

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,  
The chosen of the Lord,  
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils  
The sure prophetic word.



- 2 No royal pomp adorns  
This King of Righteousness;  
Meekness and patience, truth and love,  
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,  
In rich abundance shed,  
On this great prophet gently lights,  
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou Light of men,  
Thy doctrine life imparts;  
O, may we feel its quickening power,  
To warm and glad our hearts!
- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls  
Shall run the heavenly way:  
The path which Christ has marked and trod  
Will lead to endless day.

107.

7s M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

*Christ's Invitations.*

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise;

- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn,—  
Here repose your heavy care;  
A wounded spirit who can bear?
- 5 Sinner, come; for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

108.

S. M.

EPISCOPAL COL.

*Gospel Invitations.*

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"  
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
To all his children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, come!  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come:"  
Lord, even so! I wait thine hour,  
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

109.

7s M.

COWPER.

*" Lovest thou Me ? "* John **xxi.** 16.

- 1 HARK, my soul ; it is the Lord ;  
'Tis thy Saviour ; hear his word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of my throne shalt be ;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? "
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint,  
Yet I love thee and adore ;  
Oh for grace to love thee more !

110.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Glory and Grace in Christ.*

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song ;  
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;  
Hosanna to the eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace ;  
God in the person of his Son  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands, —  
The noblest labor of thine hands ;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

111.

L. M.

HUGH WHITE.

*Christ's Invitations.*

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;  
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, " Come to me."

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest,  
It tells me where my soul may flee;  
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding "Come to me!"
- 3 When nature shudders, loath to part  
From all I love, enjoy, and see;  
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,  
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me!"
- 4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above,  
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

112.

L. M.

A. C. COXE.

*Christ. His Life and Death.*

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine,  
That in thy meekness used to shine;  
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod  
In wondrous love, O Son of God!
- 2 O, who like thee, — so calm, so bright,  
So pure, so made to live in light?  
O, who like thee did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe?
- 3 O, who like thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?  
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,  
So glorious in humility?
- 4 The bending angels stooped to see  
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,  
And smile, as in a father's eye,  
Upon thy mild divinity.

- 5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee;  
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.
- 6 O, in thy light be mine to go,  
Illuming all my way of woe;  
And give me ever on the road  
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

113.

7s M.

FURNESS.

*Jesus our Leader.*

- 1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die?  
Who, O God! my guide shall be?  
Who shall lead thy child to thee?
- 2 Blessed Father, gracious One,  
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;  
He will give the light I need,  
He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,  
Let me ever lean on him;  
From his precepts wisdom draw,  
Make his life my solemn law.
- 4 Thus in deed and thought and word,  
Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,  
In my weakness thus shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die.
- 5 Learn to live in peace and love,  
Like the perfect ones above;  
Learn to die without a fear,  
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

114.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Example of Christ.*

- 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my Pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

115.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Examples of Christ and the Saints.*

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
And bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins and doubts and fears.

- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;  
 They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to his death.
- 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
 For his own pattern given,  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Show the same path to heaven.

116.

C. M.

NEWTON.

*Christian Experience, Praise, Joy, Conflict.*

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole  
 And calms the troubled breast;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And for the weary, rest.
- 3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought;  
 But, when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,  
 With every fleeting breath;  
 And may the music of thy name,  
 Refresh my soul in death.



117.

C. M.

WATTS.

*A blessed Gospel. Ps. 89.*

- 1 BLESSED are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up  
Through their Redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives ;  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

118.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Sinai and Sion.*

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke, —
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light !  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turned to sight !

- 4 The saints on earth and all the dead  
But one communion make;  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of his grace partake.
- 5 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest;  
The man that dwells where Jesus is,  
Must be for ever blest.

119.

C. M.

WESLEY.

*The Glory of Christ.*

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my Lord and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my Lord,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
And spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks; and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

120.

L. M.

*I am the Way and the Truth and the Life.*

- 1 THOU art the Way; and he who sighs,  
Amid this starless waste of woe,  
To find a pathway to the skies,  
A light from heaven's eternal glow,  
By thee must come, thou Gate of love,  
Through which the saints undoubting trod,  
Till faith discovers, like the dove,  
An ark, a resting-place in God.
- 2 Thou art the Truth, whose steady day  
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom;  
The pure, the everlasting ray;  
The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb;  
The Light that out of darkness springs,  
And guideth those that blindly go;  
The Word whose precious radiance flings  
Its lustre upon all below.
- 3 Thou art the Life, the blessed well  
With living waters gushing o'er,  
Which those that drink shall ever dwell  
Where sin and thirst are known no more.  
Thou art the guiding Pillar given,  
Our Lamp by night, our Light by day;  
Thou art the Sacred Bread from heaven,  
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

121.

10s M.

T. PARKER.

*Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

- 1 O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,  
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,  
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe ;
- 2 We look to thee ! thy truth is still the light,  
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
- 3 Yes ! thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way  
The holiest know, — Light, Life, and Way of  
heaven !  
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,  
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast  
given.

122.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

*The Communion of Saints.*

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above  
But one communion make ;  
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,  
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him ;  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow ;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide !  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

123.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Christ's Kingdom. Ps. 72.*

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet ;  
And barbarous nations, at his word,  
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
- 3 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

124.

C. M.

• DUNCAN.

*Christ exalted.*

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from the altar call ;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

125.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Kingdom of Christ. Ps. 72.*

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to thy Son ;  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

- 2 With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads the oppressor in the dust;  
His worship and his fear shall last,  
Till hours and years and time be past.
- 3 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 5 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;  
Peace, like a river, from his throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

126.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*The Good Shepherd and his Flock.*

- 1 GREEN pastures and clear streams,  
Freedom and quiet rest,  
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,  
Or in his shadow, blest.
- 2 Secure amidst alarms,  
From violence or snares,  
The lambs he gathers in his arms,  
And in his bosom bears.
- 3 The wounded and the weak  
He comforts, heals, and binds;  
The lost he came from heaven to seek,  
And saves them when he finds.

- 4 Conflicts and trials done,  
His glory they behold,  
Where Jesus and his flock are one,  
One Shepherd and one fold.

127.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Singing the Song of the Redeemed.*

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand  
Around the eternal throne,  
Of every kindred, clime, and land,  
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;  
To-day the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and his flock appear  
One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await  
On earth the pilgrim's throng,  
Yet learn we in our low estate  
The church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Cry the redeemed above,  
Blessing and honor to obtain,  
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,  
Who died our souls to save;  
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?  
Thy victory, O Grave?
- 6 Then hallelujah! power and praise  
To God in Christ be given;  
May all who now this anthem raise  
Renew the song in heaven.



128.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Emblems of the salutary Effects of the Gospel. Isa. lv. 10, 11.*

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,  
And the diffusive rain :  
To heaven, from whence it fell,  
It turns not back again ;  
But waters earth  
Through every pore,  
And calls forth all  
Its secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,  
The hills and valleys shine ;  
And man and beast are fed  
By Providence divine :  
The harvest bows  
Its golden ears,  
The copious seed  
Of future years.

3 " So," saith the God of grace,  
" My gospel shall descend,  
Almighty to effect  
The purpose I intend ;  
Millions of souls  
Shall feel its power,  
And bear it down  
To millions more."

129.

C. M.

WATTS.

*A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men.*

1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes !  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.

- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The new Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
“Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King.
- 4 “The God of glory down to men  
Removes his blest abode ;  
Men the dear objects of his grace,  
And he the loving God.
- 5 “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye,  
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,  
And death itself shall die.”
- 6 How long, dear Saviour! O, how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

130.

8s &amp; 7s M.

COWPER.

*The future Peace and Glory of the Church.*

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :  
“O my people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes I build for you ;  
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
You shall name your walls Salvation,  
And your gates shall all be Praise.

- 2 " There, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow ;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All his bounty shall bestow ;  
Still, in undisturbed possession,  
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 " Ye no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons no more shall see ;  
But, your griefs for ever ending,  
Find eternal noon in me ;  
God shall rise, and shining o'er ye,  
Change to day the gloom of night ;  
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
God your everlasting light."

131.

8s &amp; 7s M.

J. NEWTON.

*The City of God.*

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God !  
He whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.

- 4 Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

132.

C. M.

A. C. COXE.

*The Church Everlasting.*

- 1 O WHERE are kings and empires now  
Of old that went and came?  
But Holy Church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.  
Mark ye her holy battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
And hear within her solemn voice  
And her unending song.
- 2 For not like kingdoms of the world  
The Holy Church of God!  
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,  
And tempests are abroad;  
Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Unmovable she stands, —  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A fane unbuilt by hands.

133.

C. M.

SPIRIT OF PSALMS.

- 1 THY servants in the temple watched  
The dawning of the day,  
Impatient with its earliest beams  
Their holy vows to pay;

And chosen saints far off beheld  
That great and glorious morn,  
When the glad day-spring from on high  
Auspiciously should dawn.

- 2 On us the Sun of Righteousness  
Its brightest beams hath poured,  
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,  
Lord, be thy love adored;  
And let us look with joyful hope  
To that more glorious day,  
Before whose brightness sin and death  
And grief shall flee away.

134.

6s &amp; 8s M.

ROBINSON.

*The Church signalled by Love.*

- 1 ONE sole baptismal sign,  
One Lord, below, above;  
Zion, one faith is thine,  
The only watchword, — Love;  
From many temples though it rise,  
One song ascending to the skies.
- 2 Head of the Church beneath,  
The catholic, the true,  
On all her members breathe;  
Her broken frame renew!  
Then shall thy perfect will be done,  
When Christians love and live as one.

## The Holy Spirit.

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### I. DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT AND THE INSPIRED WORD.

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135.

C. M.

KEBLE.

*Whitsunday.*

- 1 **WHEN** God, of old, came down from heaven,  
In power and wrath he came;  
Before his feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame.
- 2 **But** when he came the second time,  
He came in power and love;  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hovered his holy Dove.
- 3 **The** fires that rushed on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light a glorious crown  
On every sainted head.
- 4 **Like** arrows went those lightnings forth,  
Winged with the sinner's doom;  
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth  
Proclaiming life to come.
- 5 **And** as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice, exceeding loud,  
The trump, that angels quake to hear,  
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud:

- 6 So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down his flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing, mighty wind.
- 7 Nor doth the outward ear alone  
At that high warning start;  
Conscience gives back the appalling tone;  
'Tis echoed in the heart.

136.

C. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

*Whitsunday.*

- 1 SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day  
To thee for help we cry,  
To guide us through the dreary way  
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,  
Or tongues of various tone,  
But long thy praises to proclaim  
With fervor in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill  
Is found on earth no more;  
Enough for us to trace thy will  
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 We neither have nor seek the power  
Ill demons to control;  
But thou, in dark temptation's hour,  
Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,  
No mystic dreams we share;  
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,  
And bless thee in our prayer.

- 6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,  
And knowledge empty prove,  
Do thou thy trembling servants stay  
With faith, with hope, with love.

137.

P. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

*The Holy Ghost the Comforter.*

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,  
To teach, convince, subdue;  
All-powerful as the wind he came,  
As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest;  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see;  
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier thee.



138.

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

*The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be thy name adored,  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches, above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimar sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here springs of consolation rise,  
To cheer the fainting mind,  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around,  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 6 O, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever-dear delight!  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light!

139.

S. M.

WATTS.

*God's Word most excellent. Ps. 19.*

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!  
And all thy judgments just!  
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions given!  
O, may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven!
- 5 I hear thy word with love,  
And I would fain obey;  
Send thy good Spirit from above,  
To guide me lest I stray.
- 6 While with my heart and tongue  
I spread thy praise abroad,  
Accept the worship and the song,  
My Saviour and my God.

140.

C. M.

COWPER.

*The Light and Glory of the Word.*

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age, —  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
His truths upon the nations rise, —  
They rise but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love,  
Till glory break upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

141.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Books of Nature and Scripture compared. Ps. 19.*

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;  
In every star thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 3 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

## II. DIVINE INFLUENCES.

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142.

S. M.

COWPER.

*Dependence.*

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,  
With oil we fill the bowl ;  
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,  
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand  
Supplies the living stream ;  
It is not at our own command,  
But still derived from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone ;  
And e'en an angel would be weak,  
Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,  
And in his grace confide ;  
This more exalts the King of kings  
Than all your works beside.
- 5 In Jesus is our store ;  
Grace issues from his throne ;  
Whoever says, " I want no more,"  
Confesses he has none.

143.

L. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

*Divine Influences compared to Rain.*

- 1 As showers on meadows newly mown,  
Our God shall send his Spirit down ;  
Eternal Source of grace divine,  
What soul-refreshing drops are thine !
- 2 That heavenly influence let me find  
In holy silence of the mind,  
While every grace maintains its bloom,  
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 3 Nor let these blessings be confined  
To me, but poured on all mankind,  
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,  
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

144.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Living Water.*

- 1 BLEST Saviour ! Source of grace divine,  
What soul-refreshing streams are thine !  
O, bring these healing waters nigh,  
Or we must droop and fall and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,  
'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,  
More eager longs for cooling rain,  
Or pants the current to obtain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,  
" Spring up, celestial fountain, spring ;  
To a redundant river flow,  
And cheer this thirsty land below."

- 4 May this blest torrent, near my side,  
Through all the desert gently glide,  
Then, in Immanuel's land above,  
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

145.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*God shining into the Heart.*

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,  
With uncreated glories bright!  
His presence gilds the worlds above;  
The unchanging Source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,  
When in substantial darkness veiled;  
"Let there be light," Jehovah said,  
And light o'er all its face was spread.
- 3 He sees the mind, when lost it lies  
In shades of ignorance and vice,  
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,  
And changes midnight into day.
- 4 Shine, mighty God, with vigor shine,  
On this benighted heart of mine;  
And let thy glories stand revealed,  
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

146.

C. M.

JONES VERY.

*The Light from within.*

- 1 I SAW on earth another light  
Than that which lit my eye,  
Come forth, as from my soul within,  
And from a higher sky.

- 2 Its beams still shone unclouded on,  
When in the distant west  
The sun I once had known had sunk  
For ever to his rest.
- 3 And on I walked, though dark the night,  
Nor rose his orb by day ;  
As one to whom a surer guide  
Was pointing out the way.
- 4 'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam,  
It shone from God within ;  
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,  
The world's dark track of sin.

147.

L. M.

DRYDEN.

*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*

- 1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every pious mind,  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy sevenfold energy ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee.
- 4 Refine and purge our earthly parts ;  
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts ;  
Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to the soul.



- 5 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
And lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.
- 6 Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by thee.

148.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Influences of the Spirit desired.*

- 1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,  
Behold, thy servants wait;  
With longing eyes and lifted hands,  
We flock around thy gate.
- 2 O, shed abroad that royal gift,  
Thy Spirit from above,  
To bless our eyes with sacred light,  
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 With speedy flight may he descend,  
And solid comfort bring,  
And o'er our languid souls extend  
His all-reviving wing.
- 4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,  
Declare our sins forgiven,  
And bear with energy divine  
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 5 Diffuse, O God! these copious showers,  
That earth its fruit may yield;  
And change this barren wilderness  
To Carmel's flowery field.

149.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys!  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

150.

C. M.

SALISBURY COL.

*Divine Aid implored.*

- 1 THINE influence, mighty God, is felt,  
Through nature's ample round;  
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,  
Thy energy is found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord, we need,  
To form our hearts anew;  
O, cleanse our souls from every sin,  
And thy salvation show.

- 3 Father of light, thine aid impart,  
To guide our doubtful way;  
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,  
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,  
We'll do and bear thy will;  
That grace shall make each burden light,  
And every murmur still.
- 5 Cheered by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread  
The gloomy path of death,  
And, with the hopes of endless bliss,  
To thee resign our breath.

151.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Presence and Influence of God desired.*

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell  
By faith and love in every breast;  
Then shall we know and taste and feel  
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlargèd souls possess  
And learn the height and breadth and length  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honors done  
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

152.

C. M.

CAPPE'S SELECTION.

*Prayer for spiritual and eternal Blessings.*

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,  
Supremely good and wise,  
To thee we bring our grateful vows,  
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine  
With truth's celestial rays;  
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,  
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,  
Through life's perplexing road,  
And place us, when that journey's o'er,  
At thy right hand, O God!

153.

8s, 7s, 4s M.

RIPFON'S COL.

*A Blessing requested.*

- 1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed;  
Let each heart thy grace inherit;  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;  
From the gospel  
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O, may all enjoy the blessing  
Which thy word's designed to give;  
Let us all, thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive;  
And for ever  
To thy praise and glory live.

154.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Seeking the Knowledge of God.*

- 1 SHINE forth, eternal Source of light,  
And make thy glories known;  
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight  
With lustre all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,  
The brightest creatures boast;  
And all their grandeur and their praise  
Is in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame  
Is our sublimest skill;  
True science is to read thy name,  
True life, to obey thy will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,  
And following on pursue,  
Till visions of eternal day  
Fix and complete the view.

155.

C. M.

SMART.

*Prayer for Prudence and Wisdom.*

- 1 FATHER of light, conduct my feet  
Through life's dark, dangerous road;  
Let each advancing step still bring  
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;  
And when I go astray,  
Recall my feet from folly's path,  
To wisdom's better way.

- 3 Teach me, in every various scene,  
To keep my end in sight;  
And, while I tread life's mazy track,  
Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above,  
Abundantly impart;  
And let it guard and guide and warm  
And penetrate my heart,—
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,  
Fountain of bliss and love,  
And all my darkness be dispersed  
In endless light above.

156.

10s M.

{ DR. JOHNSON.  
{ From Boethius.*Imploring divine Light.*

- 1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds pre-  
sides,  
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,  
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,  
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,  
With silent confidence and holy rest;  
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we  
tend,  
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

157.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

*Teachings of the Spirit.*

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,  
Whose power and grace are unconfined,  
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
The thicker darkness of the mind.

- 2 To mine illumined eyes display  
The glorious truth thy word reveals;  
Cause me to run the heavenly way;  
The book unfold, unloose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,  
The mysteries of redeeming love,  
The emptiness of things below,  
The excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,  
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,  
To show the dangers of the way,  
And guide my feeble steps to God.

158.

P. M.

MISSAL.

*Veni, Spiritus Sancte.*

- 1 HOLY Spirit, Lord of light,  
From thy clear celestial height,  
Thy pure beaming radiance give;  
Come, thou Father of the poor,  
Come with treasures which endure;  
Come, thou Light of all that live!
- 2 Thou of all consolers best,  
Visiting the troubled breast,  
Dost refreshing peace bestow;  
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,  
Pleasant coolness in the heat,  
Solace in the midst of woe.
- 3 Light immortal, Light divine,  
Visit thou these hearts of thine,  
And our inmost being fill;  
If thou take thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man can stay,  
And his good is turned to ill.

- 4 Thou on those who evermore  
Thee confess and thee adore,  
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;  
Give them comfort when they die,  
Give them life with thee on high,  
Give them joys which never end.

159.

L. M.

BROWN.

*The Spirit of all Grace.*

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blessed;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

160.

L. M.

LYRA CATH.

*Holy Spirit.*

- 1 COME, O Creator, Spirit blest!  
And in our souls take up thy rest;  
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,  
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.



- 2 Great Paraclete! to thee we cry:  
O highest gift of God most high!  
O fount of life! O fire of love!  
And sweet anointing from above!
- 3 Kindle our senses from above,  
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;  
With patience firm, and virtue high,  
The weakness of our flesh supply.
- 4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,  
And grant us thy true peace instead;  
So shall we not, with thee for guide,  
Turn from the path of life aside.

161.

L. M.

LYRA CATH.

*The Comforter.*

- 1 HEALTH of the weak, to make them strong!  
Refuge of sinners, and their song!  
Comfort of each afflicted breast!  
Haven of hope in realms of rest!
- 2 Lord of the patriarchs gone before!  
Light of the prophets' learned lore!  
Deign from thy throne to look on me,  
And hear my lowly litany.
- 3 Lead me, O Spirit! to the Son,  
To taste and feel what he has done;  
To lay me low before his cross,  
And reckon all besides as dross.
- 4 To speak and think, and will and move,  
And love as thou wouldst have me love:  
O, look upon this bended knee,  
And hear my heart's own litany!

162.

L. M.

HENRY MOORE.

*Wisdom and Virtue sought from God.*

- 1 SUPREME and universal Light!  
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!  
Parent of good! whose blessings flow  
On all above and all below,—
- 2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,  
What nature and thy laws decree;  
Worthy that intellectual flame,  
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 May our expanded souls disclaim  
The narrow view, the selfish aim,  
But with a Christian zeal embrace  
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 4 O Father, grace and virtue grant:  
No more we wish, no more we want;  
To know, to serve thee, and to love,  
Is peace below, is bliss above.

163.

L. M.

HENRY MOORE.

*For Steadiness of Principle.*

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,  
A wild of cares and toils and tears,  
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,  
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat,—
- 2 Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray,  
To guide me in the doubtful way;  
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,  
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

- 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,  
In which the thoughtless many run,  
Who for a shade the substance miss,  
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,  
Allure my wandering soul aside,  
But, through this maze of mortal ill,  
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

164.

7s M.

MERRICK.

*Seeking a clean Heart. Ps. 19.*

- 1 BLEST Instructor, from thy ways  
Who can tell how oft he strays?  
Purge me from the guilt that lies  
Wrapped within my heart's disguise.
- 2 Let my tongue, from error free,  
Speak the words approved by thee;  
To thy all-observing eyes  
Let my thoughts accepted rise.
- 3 While I thus thy name adore,  
And thy healing grace implore,  
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear;  
God, my strength, propitious hear.

165.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Choice of the better Part.*

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand;  
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart  
To fix on Mary's better part,  
To scorn the trifles of a day  
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,  
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

166.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Prayer for quickening Grace. Ps. 119.*

- 1 My soul lies cleaving to the dust ;  
Lord, give me life divine ;  
From vain desires and every lust  
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace,  
To speed me in my way,  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need thy quickening powers ;  
Thy word, that I have rested on,  
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quickening power  
To draw me near the Lord.

### III. FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

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167.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*What is Prayer?*

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 5 The saints in prayer appear as one  
In word and deed and mind;  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 6 O thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

168.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Prayer and Hope. Ps. 27.*

- 1 SOON as I heard my Father say,  
    "Ye children, seek my grace,"  
My heart replied without delay,  
    "I'll seek my Father's face."
- 2 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,  
    Leave me to want or die,  
My God would make my life his care,  
    And all my need supply.
- 3 My fainting flesh had died with grief,  
    Had not my soul believed  
To see thy grace provide relief;  
    Nor was my hope deceived.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
    And keep your courage up;  
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
    And far exceed your hope.

169.

7s &amp; 6s M.

METHODIST.

*Quiet Worship.*

- 1 OPEN, Lord, mine inward ear,  
    And bid my heart rejoice;  
Bid my quiet spirit hear  
    The comfort of thy voice;  
Never in the whirlwind found,  
Or where earthquakes rock the place,  
Still and silent is the sound,  
    The whisper of thy grace.

- 2 From the world of sin and noise  
And hurry I withdraw ;  
For the small and inward voice  
I wait with humble awe ;  
Silent am I now, and still,  
Will not in thy presence move ;  
To my waiting soul reveal  
The secret of thy love !

170.

C. M.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

*Habitual Devotion.*

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;  
To thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
 The gathering storm shall see :  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
 That heart shall rest on thee.

171.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Preparation of the Heart.*

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
 With reverence and with fear ;  
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,  
 We may, we must, draw near.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,  
 In weakness, want, and woe,  
 Fightings without and fears within,  
 Lord, whither shall we go ?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to thee,  
 With broken, contrite hearts ;  
 Give what thine eye delights to see,  
 Truth in the inward parts.
- 4 Give deep humility ; the sense  
 Of godly sorrow give ;  
 A strong desiring confidence  
 To hear thy voice and live ;
- 5 Patience to watch and wait and weep,  
 Though mercy long delay ;  
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
 And trust thee, though thou slay, —
- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done ;  
 Thus strengthened with all might,  
 We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,  
 Shall pray, and pray aright.



172.

C. M.

H. H. MILMAN.

*Praying for divine Help.*

- 1 OH help us, Lord! each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succor give;  
Help us in thought and word and deed  
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 Oh help us, when our spirits bleed,  
With contrite anguish sore,  
And, when our hearts are cold and dead,  
Oh help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith,  
More firmly to believe;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.
- 4 Oh, help us, Father! from on high;  
We know no help but thee;  
Oh! help us so to live and die  
As thine in heaven to be.

173.

10s M.

LYTT.

*Abide with me.*

- 1 ABIDE with me, fast falls the even-tide;  
The darkness thickens; Lord, with me abide;  
While other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

- 3 Come not in terrors as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing on thy wings;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,  
Come, friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- 4 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee;  
O, to the close, O Lord! abide with me.
- I need thy presence every passing hour:  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?  
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me.
- 6 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,  
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;  
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy  
victory?  
I triumph still if thou abide with me.
- 7 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the  
skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-  
ows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

174.

6s &amp; 10s M.

JONES VERY.

*Desire for God's Presence.*

1 WILT thou not visit me?  
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;  
Each blade of grass I see,  
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

2 Wilt thou not visit me ?  
 The morning calls on me with cheering tone ;  
 And every hill and tree  
 Lend but one voice, — the voice of thee alone.

3 Come ! for I need thy love,  
 More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;  
 Come, like thy holy Dove,  
 And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes, thou wilt visit me ;  
 Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,  
 As when, from sin set free,  
 Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

175.

S. M.

RAY PALMER.

*A present God.*

- 1 SMILE, O my God ! on me ;  
 Thy presence let me feel ;  
 My soul thy glory longs to see,  
 Thyself in me reveal.
- 2 I would not wait for heaven ;  
 Heaven may begin below ;  
 To every new-born soul 'tis given  
 A present God to know.
- 3 The vision of thy face  
 Fresh life and joy inspires ;  
 While o'er my spirit flows the grace  
 That kindles all her fires.
- 4 Though on my saddened heart  
 The gloom of night should lie,  
 Faith shall not fail nor hope depart,  
 If I but feel thee nigh.

- 5 When earth's fleet years are past,  
 And I no more shall roam,  
 Give me, my God, to find at last  
 With thee my changeless home.

176.

8s &amp; 7s M

WESLEY.

*Heavenly Love.*

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
 Live in us thy humble dwelling,  
 All thy faithful mercies crown.  
 Father, thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh! breathe thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast;  
 Let us all thy peace inherit,  
 Let us find thy promised rest.  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thine host above;  
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy boundless love.
- 3 Finish, then, thy new creation;  
 Pure and spotless let us be;  
 Let us see our whole salvation,  
 Perfectly restored in thee;  
 Changed from glory unto glory,  
 Till in heaven our songs we raise;  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

177.

L. M.

FROM ST. BERNARD.

*Jesus the Life of Men.*

- 1 JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!  
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!  
From the best bliss that earth imparts  
We turn unfilled to thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on thee call;  
To them that seek thee thou art good,  
To them that find thee, all in all.
- 3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon thee still!  
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus! ever with us stay,  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

178.

L. M. 6 lines.

{ WESLEY, from  
Breitthaupt.

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;  
Thee will I love with all my power  
In all thy works, and thee alone;  
Thee will I love till sacred fire  
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

- 2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
That thy bright beams on me have shined;  
I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes and healed my wounded mind;  
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 3 Uphold me in the upward race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray;  
Strengthen my feet with steady pace,  
Still to press forward in thy way:  
Let all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory now unite.
- 4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,  
Thee will I love beneath thy frown  
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod;  
What though my flesh and heart decay,  
Thee shall I love in endless day.

179.

L. M.

RYLE'S COL.

*Cast your cares upon Him.*

- 1 HAST thou within a care so deep,  
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?  
To thy Redeemer take that care,  
And change anxiety to prayer.
- 2 Hast thou a hope with which thy heart  
Would almost feel it death to part?  
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,  
Or give thee strength to lay it down.
- 3 Hast thou a friend whose image dear  
May prove an idol worshipped here?  
Implore the Lord that nought may be  
A shadow between heaven and thee.

- 4 Whate'er the care which breaks thy rest,  
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,  
Spread before God that wish, that care,  
And change anxiety to prayer.

180.

10s M.

LYTE.

*Christ our Home.*

- 1 LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;  
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;  
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,  
Who opes his arms and bids the weary come:  
With him I found a home, a rest divine;  
And I since then am his and he is mine.
- 2 The good I have is from his stores supplied;  
The ill is only what he deems the best;  
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside;  
And poor without him, though of all possessed:  
Changes may come; I take or I resign;  
Content, while I am his and he is mine.
- 3 Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen;  
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines,  
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,  
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines:  
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,  
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.
- 4 While here, alas! I know but half his love,  
But half discern him, and but half adore;  
But, when I meet him in the realms above,  
I hope to love him better, praise him more,  
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,  
How fully I am his and he is mine.

181.

C. M.

WATTS.

*God our Joy.*

- 1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,  
My dawning is begun!  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers, "I am his!"
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Should bear me conqueror through.

182.

C. M.

BONAR.

*The Voice of Jesus.*

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.



I came to Jesus as I was,  
 Weary and worn and sad;  
 I found in him a resting-place,  
 And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 Behold, I freely give  
 The living water: thirsty one,  
 Stoop down and drink, and live.  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 I am this dark world's light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright.  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In him my star, my sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk,  
 Till travelling days are done.

*Our Helper God.*

1 THOU seest my feebleness;  
 Father! be thou my power!  
 My help and refuge in distress,  
 My fortress and my tower!

2 Give me to trust in thee;  
 Be thou my sure abode;  
 My helm and sword and buckler be,  
 My Saviour and my God!

- 3 Myself I cannot save,  
Myself I cannot keep;  
But strength in thee I surely have,  
Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 4 My soul to thee alone  
For always I commend;  
O take me, Father, for thine own,  
And keep me to the end.

184.

C. M.

FABER.

*Sweet Will of God.*

- 1 I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!  
And all thy ways adore,  
And every day I live, I long  
To love thee more and more.
- 2 Man's weakness waiting upon God,  
Its end can never miss,  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.
- 3 He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.
- 4 Ill that God blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be his dear will!
- 5 When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison-walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to thee.

- 6 I have no cares, O blessed Will!  
For all my cares are thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou  
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

185.

C. M.

FABER.

*Perfection.*

- 1 God only is the creatures' home,  
Though long and rough the road;  
Yet nothing less can satisfy  
The love that longs for God.
- 2 O, utter but the name of God,  
Down in your heart of hearts,  
And see how from the world at once  
All tempting light departs.
- 3 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,  
Can win their way above;  
If mountains can be moved by faith,  
Is there less power in love?
- 4 How little of that road, my soul,  
How little hast thou gone!  
Take heart, and let the thought of God  
Allure thee further on.
- 5 Be docile to thine unseen Guide,  
Love him as he loves thee;  
Time and obedience are enough,  
And thou a saint shalt be!

186.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
That never knew our God ;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love ;  
He shall send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above.
- 4 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 6 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching, through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

187.

7s &amp; 6s M.

COWPER.

*Joy and Peace in believing.*

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord, who rises  
With healing on his wings;  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
E'en let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing  
But he will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will clothe his people too;  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And he who feeds the ravens  
Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;

Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For, while in him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

188.

C. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

*The Request.*

- 1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,  
Amid the darkest hours  
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,  
And thorns are mixed with flowers.
- 2 And, Lord, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise: —
- 3 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And let me live to thee.
- 4 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless its happy end."

189.

L. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

*The Bread of Life.*

- 1 O KING of earth and air and sea,  
The hungry ravens cry to thee;  
To thee the scaly tribes that sweep  
The bosom of the boundless deep.

- 2 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless  
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;  
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray  
For daily bread from day to day.
- 3 And, O, when through the wilds we roam,  
That part us from our heavenly home ;  
When lost in danger, want, and woe,  
Our faithless tears begin to flow, —
- 4 Do thou thy gracious comfort give,  
By which alone the soul may live ;  
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,  
The bread of life from day to day.

190.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Joy from the Presence of God.*

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,  
With rays of beauty shine ;  
O, let thy favor crown our days,  
And all their round be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain ;  
Small joy success itself could give,  
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin ;  
With thee each day be spent ;  
For thee each fleeting hour improved,  
Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
Till all our labors cease,  
And heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace.

191.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Safety in God. Ps. 46.*

- 1 God is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there,  
Convulsions shake the solid world, —  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream thine holy word,  
That all our raging fear controls;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth and armed with power.



192.

C. M.

WESLEYAN.

*Desires for Holiness.*

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free ;  
A heart that always feels the blood  
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 O for an humble, trustful heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him who dwells within ;
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
Conformed, O Lord ! to thine.
- 4 Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
O, write thy name upon my heart !  
Thy name, O God ! is love.

193.

S. M.

PATRICK.

*Holy Desires.*

- 1 God, who is just and kind,  
Will those who err instruct,  
And to the paths of righteousness  
Their wandering steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides,  
Teaches the meek his way ;  
Kindness and truth he shows to all  
Who his just laws obey.

- 3 Give me the tender heart  
That mixes fear with love,  
And lead me through whatever path  
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 4 O, ever keep my soul  
From error, shame, and guilt;  
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,  
Which on thy truth is built.

194.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Ask, and ye shall receive.*

- 1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?  
Whatever good we want;  
Whatever man may seek to share,  
Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies, thou  
In whom we move and live,  
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,  
And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,  
Our helplessness we feel,  
O give the weary soul repose,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,  
And threaten or allure,  
By storm or calm, in thee be found  
A refuge strong and sure.
- 5 When age advances, may we grow  
In faith, in hope, and love;  
And walk in holiness below  
To holiness above.

- 6 When earthly joys and cares depart,  
Desire and envy cease,  
Be thou the portion of our heart;  
In thee may we have peace.

195.

7s M.

C. WESLEY.

*God our only Refuge.*

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy shelter fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, O leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed:  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found;  
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin:  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

196.

C. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

*The Saint's Rest.*

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,  
To all thy people known;  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art loved alone;
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above;  
Where fear and sin and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe and enter in!  
Now, Father, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin!
- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,  
All unbelief remove;  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The sabbath of thy love.

197.

C. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

*Thy Kingdom come.*

- 1 FATHER of me and all mankind,  
And all the hosts above,  
Let every understanding mind  
Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,  
To every heart of man;  
Thy peace and joy and righteousness  
In all our bosoms reign,—

- 3 The righteousness that never ends,  
But makes an end of sin ;  
The joy that human thought transcends,  
Into our souls bring in ;
- 4 The kingdom of established peace,  
Which can no more remove ;  
The perfect powers of godliness,  
The omnipotence of love.

198.

S. M.

JOHNS.

*The Kingdom of Love.*

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,  
Sweet reign of light and love !  
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,  
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first  
Extend thy healing reign,  
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,  
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God,  
And make the broad earth thine ;  
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest  
With fruit from life's glad tree ;  
And in its shade like brothers rest,  
Sons of one family.

199.

L. M.

MRS. GILMAN.

*A Father's Care.*

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,  
When worldly pleasures lose their power?  
My Father, let me turn to thee,  
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,  
Which scorns the prospect of relief?  
My Father, break the cheerless gloom,  
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,  
When hope is all my soul's employ?  
My Father, still my hopes will roam,  
Until they rest with thee their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,  
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,  
The glow of health, the dying hour,  
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

200.

L. M. 6 lines.

MORAVIAN.

*Seeking after God*

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose.  
My heart is pained; nor can it be  
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still  
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;  
And fain I would; but though my will  
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;  
Yet hindrances strew all the way;  
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in thee;  
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see.  
O when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there.  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in thee.

201.

C. M.

TATE &amp; BRADY.

*The Soul thirsting for God. Ps. 42.*

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God! for thee  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
O, when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou majesty divine?

- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
 Hope still; and thou shalt sing  
 The praise of him who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal Spring.

202.

7s M. 6 lines.

MONTGOMERY.

*The Soul panting for God. Ps. 42.*

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,  
 Panteth for the water-brooks,  
 So my soul, athirst for thee,  
 Pants the living God to see;  
 When, O, when, with filial fear,  
 Lord, shall I to thee draw near?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?  
 God, thy God, shall make thee whole;  
 Why art thou disquieted?  
 God shall lift thy fallen head,  
 And his countenance benign  
 Be the saving health of thine.

203.

C. M.

COWPER.

*Walking with God.*

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame,  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and his word?



- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest!  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.

204.

P. M.

BOWRING.

- 1 THY will be done! In devious way  
 The hurrying stream of life may run;  
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,  
 "Thy will be done!"
- 2 Thy will be done! If o'er us shine  
 A gladdening and a prosperous sun,  
 This prayer shall make it more divine:  
 "Thy will be done!"
- 3 Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er  
 Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,  
 Is ours, — to breathe, while we adore,  
 "Thy will be done!"

205.

7s &amp; 6s M.

RIPPON'S COL.

*The Soul aspiring to Heaven.*

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise, from transitory things,  
 Towards heaven, thy native place:  
 Sun and moon and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun, —  
Both speed them to their source:  
So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

206.

L. M.

WATTS.

*A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.*

- 1 Up to the fields where angels lie,  
And living waters gently roll,  
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,  
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Had I a glance of thee, my God,  
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon, —  
Vanish as though I saw them not,  
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 3 Then they might fight and rage and rave;  
I should perceive the noise no more  
Than we can hear a shaking leaf  
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 4 Great All in all, eternal King,  
Let me but view thy lovely face,  
And all my powers shall bow, and sing  
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

207.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Support in God's Covenant.*

- 1 MY God, the covenant of thy love  
Abides for ever sure ;  
And in its matchless grace I feel  
My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with thee,  
As nature could desire ?  
To nobler joys than nature gives  
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become ;  
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,  
And heaven my final home, —
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,  
For all that will is love ;  
And, when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the light above.

208.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Safety in God. Ps. 61.*

- 1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To Heaven I lift my eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.

209.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Resignation.*

- 1 ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —  
When I am wholly thine :  
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine,
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,  
In thee I firmly trust ;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee  
Whate'er I have I owe ;  
And back in gratitude from me  
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,  
When used as talents lent ;  
Those talents only well employed  
When in thy service spent.
- 5 And though thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign thy will ?  
No : let me bless thy name, and say,  
“ The Lord is gracious still.”
- 6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possessed ;  
And all must fail when I go home,  
For this is not my rest.

210.

C. M.

MRS. STEELE

*True Happiness to be found only in God.*

- 1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,  
And wanders, unconfined,  
Amid the unbounded scene of things  
Which entertain the mind, —
- 2 In vain I trace creation o'er,  
In search of sacred rest;  
The whole creation is too poor,  
Too mean, to make me blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ  
Each flattering, specious wile;  
There's nought can yield a real joy  
But my Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,  
Unworthy of the mind;  
In God alone this restless heart  
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great Spring of all felicity,  
To whom my wishes tend,  
Do not these wishes rise from thee,  
And in thy favor end?

211.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Soul's chief Delight in God.*

- 1 LORD, 'tis an infinite delight  
To see thy lovely face,  
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,  
And feel thy vital rays.

- 2 Show me thy face, and I'll away  
From all inferior things;  
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,  
And stretch my airy wings.
- 3 Sweet was the journey to the sky  
The wondrous prophet tried;  
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die;"  
The prophet climbed, and died.
- 4 In God's own arms he left the breath  
That God's own spirit gave;  
His was the noblest road to death,  
And his the sweetest grave.

212.

S. M.

STEELE.

*God our Father.*

- 1 My Father! cheering name!  
O may I call thee mine!  
Give me the humble hope to claim  
A portion so divine.
- 2 This can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly:  
What real harm can reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies,  
I calmly would resign;  
For thou art just and good and wise:  
O bend my will to thine!
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear;  
Still let me know a Father reigns,  
And trust a Father's care.

- 5 Thy ways are little known  
To my weak, erring sight;  
Yet shall my soul, believing, own  
That all thy ways are right.
- 6 My Father! blissful name!  
Above expression dear!  
If thou accept my humble claim,  
I bid adieu to fear.

213.

C. M.

H. WARE, JR.

*Invoking God's Aid.*

- 1 FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart  
Would lift itself in prayer;—  
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,  
And show thy presence there.
- 2 Each moment of my life renews  
The mercies of my Lord;  
Each moment is itself a gift  
To bear me on to God.
- 3 O, help me break the galling chains  
This world has round me thrown;  
Each passion of my heart subdue,  
Each darling sin disown.
- 4 O Father! kindle in my breast  
A never-dying flame  
Of holy love, of grateful trust  
In thine almighty name.

214.

L. M.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

*For the continual Help of God.*

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go ;  
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do ;  
Suggest whate'er I think or say ;  
Direct me in thy narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,  
Lest I in mine own strength confide ;  
Show me my weakness, let me see  
I have my power, my all, from thee.
- 3 Enrich me alway with thy love ;  
My kind protection ever prove ;  
Thy signet put upon my breast,  
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
- 4 Assist and teach me how to pray ;  
Incline my nature to obey ;  
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,  
And only love what pleases thee.
- 5 O may I never do my will,  
But thine and only thine fulfil ;  
Let all my time and all my ways  
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

215.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer  
To thee our souls we lift :  
Do thou our waiting minds prepare  
For thy most needful gift.



- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow ;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below ;—
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour  
May bring and take away ;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,  
Lest we should go astray ;—
- 4 We ask for wisdom : Lord, impart  
The knowledge how to live ;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,  
Before the evil days !  
The old be guided by thy truth,  
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

216.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Following after God. Ps. 68.*

- 1 O GOD! thou art my God alone ;  
Early to thee my soul shall cry,  
A pilgrim in a land unknown,  
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,  
I follow hard on thee, my God ;  
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways ;  
I lean upon thy staff and rod.
- 3 Thee, in the watches of the night,  
When I remember on my bed,  
Thy presence makes the darkness light,  
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

- 4 Better than life itself thy love,  
 Dearer than all beside to me;  
 For whom have I in heaven above,  
 Or what on earth, compared with thee?
- 5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,  
 For all thy mercy I will give;  
 My soul shall still in God rejoice,  
 My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

217.

L. M.

TOPLADY.

*To be made perfect in Divine Love.*

- 1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,  
 And loved thee with a perfect love!  
 O that my Lord would dwell in me,  
 And never from his seat remove!
- 2 Father, I dwell in mournful night,  
 Till thou dost in my heart appear;  
 Arise, propitious Sun! and light  
 An everlasting morning there.
- 3 O let my prayer acceptance find,  
 And bring the mighty blessing down!  
 Eye-sight impart, for I am blind;  
 And seal me thine adopted son.

218.

L. M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY.

*God leads us right.*

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide  
 Of all who seek the land above,  
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,  
 The cloud of thy protecting love;  
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,  
 Our end the glory of the Lord.

- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray,  
We shall not full direction need,  
Nor miss our providential way;  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While love, almighty love, is near.

219.

C. M.

COWPER.

*Retirement.*

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree;  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O, with what peace and joy and love  
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life!  
Sweet Source of light divine!  
And — all harmonious names in one —  
My Saviour! thou art mine!

- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love —  
A boundless, endless store —  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.

220.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Retirement and Meditation.*

- 1 My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone;  
In secret silence of the mind  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

221.

C. M.

T. HUMPHRIES.

*Lord, remember me.*

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my soul to thee!  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Good Lord, remember me.

- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart,  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
O let my strength be as my day;  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble body see;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 6 And when before thy throne I stand,  
And lift my soul to thee,  
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,  
Good Lord, remember me.

222.

L. M.

MORAVIAN.

*For Guardianship and Guidance.*

- 1 O THOU to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart : it pants for thee;  
O burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way;  
No foes, no violence, I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe, —  
O God, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

#### IV. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCES AND GRACES.

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223.

7s M.

J. TAYLOR

*Sins confessed and mourned.*

- 1 God of mercy, God of love,  
Hear our sad, repentant song;  
Sorrow dwells on every face,  
Penitence on every tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time misspent;  
Hearts debased by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent; —
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain, —
- 4 These, and every secret fault,  
Filled with grief and shame, we own;  
Humbled at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,  
Hear our sad, repentant songs;  
O, restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

224.

7s M.

MILMAN.

*Lord, have Mercy.*

- 1 LORD, have mercy when we pray  
Strength to seek a better way :  
When our wakening thoughts begin  
First to loathe their cherished sin ;  
When our weary spirits fail,  
And our aching brows are pale, —  
Then thy strengthening grace afford ;  
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord !
- 2 Lord, have mercy when we know  
First how vain this world below :  
When its darker thoughts oppress,  
Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;  
When the earliest gleam is given  
Of the bright but distant heaven, —  
Then thy strengthening grace afford ;  
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord !

225.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Seeking Pardon and Aid. Ps. 51.*

- 1 CREATE my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin ;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 2 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight ;  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 3 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring :  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.



- 4    O, may thy love inspire my tongue!  
       Salvation shall be all my song;  
       And all my powers shall join to bless  
       The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

226.

S. M.

STERNHOLD

*Penitential. Ps. 25.*

- 1    I LIFT my heart to thee,  
       My God and Guide most just;  
       Now suffer me to take no shame,  
       For in thee do I trust.
- 2    Remember not the faults  
       And frailty of my youth;  
       Remember not how ignorant  
       I have been of thy truth.
- 3    Nor after my deserts  
       Let me thy mercy find;  
       But of thine own benignity,  
       Lord, have me in thy mind.
- 4    His mercy is full sweet,  
       His truth a perfect guide;  
       Therefore the Lord will sinners teach,  
       And such as go aside.
- 5    For all the ways of God  
       Are truth and mercy both;  
       To them that keep his testament,  
       The witness of his troth.

227.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Regrets for a Neglect of Privileges.*

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 How cold and feeble is my love !  
How negligent my fear !  
How low my hope of joys above !  
How few affections there !
- 3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,  
To give thy word success ;  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.
- 4 Show my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high ;  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

228.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The wandering Sheep recovered.*

- 1 LORD, we have wandered from thy way,  
Like foolish sheep have gone astray ;  
Our pleasant pastures we have left,  
And of their guard our souls bereft ;
- 2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm ;  
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm ;  
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,  
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

- 3 O, seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,  
Nor let us quite forget thy word;  
Our erring souls do thou restore,  
And keep us, that we stray no more.

229.                      L. M.    6 lines.              WESLEY'S COL.

*Imploring Forgiveness and Renewal of Heart.*

- 1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,  
Our multitude of sins forgive!  
And for thy own possession take,  
And bid us to thy glory live:  
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove  
Our faith, by our obedient love.
- 2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,  
And all thy mighty wonders show!  
Our hidden enemies expel,  
And conquering them to conquer go,  
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,  
And not one evil thought remain!
- 3 O put it in our inward parts, —  
The living law of perfect love!  
Write the new precept on our hearts:  
We shall not then from thee remove,  
Who in thy glorious image shine,  
Thy people, and for ever thine!

230.                      S. M.                      MONTGOMERY.

*"Out of the Depths have I cried unto thee." Ps. 130.*

- 1 OUT of the depths of woe,  
To thee, O Lord! I cry;  
Darkness surrounds me, yet I know  
That thou art ever nigh.

- 2 I cast my hopes on thee ;  
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive ;  
If thou shouldst mark iniquity,  
Who in thy sight could live ?
- 3 I wait for thee ; I wait,  
Confessing all my sin :  
Lord ! I am knocking at thy gate ;  
Open, and take me in.
- 4 Glory to God above !  
The waters soon will cease ;  
For lo ! the swift-returning dove  
Brings home the pledge of peace.
- 5 Though storms his face obscure,  
And dangers threaten loud,  
Jehovah's covenant is sure,  
His bow is in the cloud !

231.

S. M.

MUHLENBERG.

*Rest in God.*

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,  
That soared the earth around,  
But not a resting-place above  
The cheerless waters found,
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam ;  
All the wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,  
Behold the open door !  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,  
 There sweet shall be thy rest,  
 And every longing satisfied,  
 With full salvation blest.

232.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*The Issues of Life and Death.*

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,  
 Rest for the weary soul?  
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
 The bliss for which we sigh;  
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
 There is a life above,  
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
 O what appalling horrors hang  
 Around the "second death"!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
 Teach us that death to shun,  
 Lest we be banished from thy face  
 And utterly undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest;  
 Alone are found in thee  
 The life of perfect love, the rest  
 Of immortality.

233.

S. M.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

*Pardon and Peace.*

- 1 BEFORE thy mercy's throne,  
Thy succor, Lord, we seek;  
For thou art good and great alone;  
All helpless we and weak.
- 2 Like sheep that go astray,  
Our wilful course we've run,  
From what thou would'st have turned away,  
And what thou would'st not done.
- 3 To us belong dismay  
Of heart, and shame of face;  
To thee, our sorrows to allay,  
And all our guilt efface;
- 4 To us, confession meek,  
The penitential prayer;  
To thee, the words of peace to speak,  
The contrite heart to spare.
- 5 Pour, for the Saviour's sake,  
Thy Spirit's healthful dew  
On those who fain would sin forsake,  
And thy pure ways pursue.

234.

L. M.

WATTS.

*We walk by Faith, not by Sight.*

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night;  
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;  
She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God ;  
His faith beheld the promised land,  
And fired his zeal along the road.

235.

L. M.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

*The Hope of Man.*

- 1 THE past is dark with sin and shame,  
The future dim with doubt and fear ;  
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,  
Whose guardian love is always near.
- 2 For man has striven, ages long,  
With faltering steps to come to thee ;  
And in each purpose high and strong  
The influence of thy grace could see.
- 3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,  
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,  
As age by age brought hopes more fair,  
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.
- 4 But never rose within his breast  
A trust so calm and deep as now ;  
Shall not the weary find a rest ?  
Father, Preserver, answer thou !

- 5 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,  
 But through the shadow streams the sun;  
 We cannot doubt thy certain love;  
 And man's true aim shall yet be won!

236.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Love to God.*

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
 Where love inspires the breast;  
 Love is the brightest of the train,  
 And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
 And all in vain our fear;  
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
 If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings  
 When faith and hope shall cease;  
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
 In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 4 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
 Or leave this dark abode,  
 The wings of love bear us away,  
 To see our smiling God.

237.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Sincere Love to Christ.*

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?  
 Behold my heart, and see;  
 And turn each worthless idol out,  
 That dares to rival thee.



- 2 Is not thy name melodious still  
To my attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb, in all thy flock,  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honor of thy name,  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp the immortal flame?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;  
But, O, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

238.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Faith, Hope, and Charity.*

- 1 FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,  
Yet is the greatest charity;  
Father of lights, these gifts impart  
To mine and every human heart.
- 2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,  
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,  
And charity, whose name above  
Is God's own name, for God is love.
- 3 The morning star is lost in light,  
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,  
The rainbow passes with the storm,  
And hope with sorrow's fading form.

- 4 But charity, serene, sublime,  
Beyond the reach of death and time,  
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,  
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

239.

L. M.

SCOTT.

*The Fear of God.*

- 1 GREAT Author of all nature's frame,  
Holy and reverend is thy name;  
Against thee who shall lift his hand?  
Before thy terrors who can stand?
- 2 But blest are they, O gracious Lord!  
Who fear thy name and keep thy word;  
Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends  
Their life, till life its journey ends.
- 3 O that my soul, with awful sense  
Of thy transcendent excellence,  
May close the day, the day begin,  
Watchful against each darling sin.
- 4 Never, O never from my heart,  
May this great principle depart,  
But act, with unabating power,  
Within me to my latest hour!

240.

C. M.

EXETER COL.

*Fortitude founded on godly Fear.*

- 1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord;  
His well-established mind  
In every varying scene of life  
Shall true composure find.

- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea  
The heavenly footsteps lie ;  
But on a glorious world beyond  
His faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,  
And sorrows round him dwell,  
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,  
That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,  
Through every scene he goes ;  
And, fearing him, no other fear  
His steadfast bosom knows.

241.

L. M.

WESLEYAN.

*God our Deliverer.*

- 1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power  
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see :  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, oh whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Father's breast ;  
Secure within thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O God ! my wisdom art :  
I ever into ruin run ;  
But thou art greater than my heart.

- 5 Foolish and ignorant and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known ;  
Bring me where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving thee alone.

242.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Fortitude and Trust.*

- 1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,  
And let his word support your souls ;  
Well can he bear your courage up,  
And all your foes and fears control.
- 2 He waits his own well-chosen hour,  
The intended mercy to display ;  
His fatherly compassion moves,  
While wisdom dictates the delay.
- 3 Blest are the humble souls, that wait  
With sweet submission to his will ;  
Harmonious all their passions move,  
And in the midst of storms are still, —
- 4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice  
Wakens their silence into songs ;  
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,  
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

243.

C. M.

J. TAYLOR.

*Trust in God through all Changes.*

- 1 FATHER divine, before thy view  
All worlds, all creatures lie ;  
No distance can elude thy search,  
No action 'scape thy eye.

- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew ;  
Our childhood was thy care ;  
And vigorous youth and feeble age  
Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,  
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;  
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints  
Thine arm is our repose.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Power supreme !  
O, still our wants supply !  
Safe in thy presence may we live,  
And in thy favor die.

244.

C. M.

MERRICK.

*Acquiescence in the divine Will.*

- 1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee ;  
Thine ever-watchful eye  
Alone our real wants can see,  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 In thine all-gracious providence  
Our cheerful hopes confide ;  
O, let thy power be our defence,  
Thy love our footsteps guide.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,  
Too oft, with stubborn will,  
We blindly shun the latent good,  
And grasp the specious ill, —
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Let mercy still supply ;  
The good unasked, O Father! grant ;  
The ill, though asked, deny.

245.

L. M.

NORTON.

*Trust and Submission.*

- 1 MY God, I thank thee ; may no thought  
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;  
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,  
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;  
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;  
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom  
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain  
Thy frail and erring child must know ;  
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,  
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ,  
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;  
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,  
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

246.

S. M.

COWPER.

*Submission.*

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 ' Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears ?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears ?

- 3 No: rather let me freely yield  
What most I prize to thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;  
Shall I resist them both?  
A poor, blind creature of a day,  
And crushed before the moth!
- 5 But, ah! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway;  
Else the next cloud that veils the skies  
Drives all these thoughts away.

247.

C. M.

TOPLADY'S COL.

*Habitual Resignation.*

- 1 WITH God my Friend, the radiant sun  
Sheds a more lively ray;  
Each object smiles; all nature charms;  
I chase my cares away.
- 2 Good when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when he denies;  
Afflictions from his gracious hand  
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,  
Immeasurably kind;  
To his unerring, gracious will  
Be every wish resigned.

248.

P. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

*Nearer to Thee.*

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,—  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!



5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be, —  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

249.

C. M.

*The Power of Trust.*

- 1 My God! in life's most doubtful hour,  
In sharpest pains of death,  
Who waits on thee hath peace and power;  
Thou present help of faith!
- 2 Thy crown of joy upon his head,  
Thy light upon his face,  
Through storms and strife thy Christ could tread,  
On to the happy place.
- 3 And though the cross were sharp and high,  
The lifted Lord could see  
The souls he loved drawn nearer by  
His love's last energy.
- 4 Help me, O God! to seek, to win,  
Through struggles and through prayer,  
The faith which frees my soul from sin,  
And brings thy blessing there.
- 5 So shall my cross of conquered shame  
My fainting brothers raise,  
So thy triumphant mercy flame  
Around my path of praise.

- 6 And earth, with all its pain and toil,  
By love's pure presence blest,  
Shall wear the calm celestial smile  
Of heaven's eternal rest.

250.

L. M.

NEWTON.

*Trust in God.*

- 1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call?  
And has he not his promise past,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 4 He who has helped me hitherto,  
Will help me all my journey through,  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New trophies to his endless praise.
- 5 Poor and afflicted though we are,  
In thy strong name we trust,  
And bless the hand of sovereign love,  
Which lifts us from the dust.

251.

C. M.

{ COUNTESS OF  
HUNTINGDON.*The Gift of Peace.*

- 1 THE world can neither give nor take,  
Nor can they comprehend,  
The peace of God, which Christ has bought,  
The peace which knows no end.
- 2 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,  
His wounds a cure intend ;  
And, though he does not always smile,  
He loves unto the end.

252.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Communion with God and Christ.*

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near ;  
With both our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs ;  
He pardons every day ;  
Almighty to protect my soul,  
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 Jesus, my living head,  
I bless thy faithful care ;  
Mine advocate before the throne,  
And my forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix, my roving heart,  
Here wait, my warmest love,  
Till the communion be complete  
In nobler scenes above.

253.

L. M. 6 lines.

WESLEY.

*The Peace of Christ.*

- 1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am, if thou art mine :  
And lo ! from sin and grief and shame,  
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above ;  
Comfort it brings, and power and peace,  
And joy and everlasting love :  
To me, with thy dear name, are given  
Pardon and holiness and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my all-in-all thou art ;  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;  
The medicine of my broken heart ;  
In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;  
In shame, my glory and my crown ;
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;  
In weakness, my almighty power ;  
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;  
My light in Satan's darkest hour ;  
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;  
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

254.

6s M. Irregular.

BONAR.

*God's Way the best.*

- 1 THY way, not mine, O Lord!  
However dark it be:  
Lead me by thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight it matters not,  
It leads me to thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot,  
I would not if I might;  
Choose thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek  
Is thine, so let the way  
That leads to it be thine,  
Else surely I shall stray.
- 5 Take thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill;  
As best to thee may seem,  
Choose thou my good and ill.
- 6 Choose thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

255.

6s M.

SCHMOLK.

*Following Christ.*

- 1 LORD Jesus, as thou wilt!  
O may thy will be mine!  
Into thy hand of love  
I would my all resign.  
Through sorrow or through joy,  
Conduct me as thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, thy will be done!
- 2 Lord Jesus, as thou wilt!  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear;  
Since thou on earth hast wept  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done!
- 3 Lord Jesus, as thou wilt!  
If loved ones must depart,  
Suffer not sorrow's flood  
To overwhelm my heart;  
For they are blest with thee,  
Their race and conflict won:  
Let me but follow them,  
My Lord, thy will be done!
- 4 Lord Jesus, as thou wilt!  
All shall be well for me;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with thee:  
Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord, thy will be done!

256.

C. M.

BAXTER.

*Confidence.*

- 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live;  
To love and serve thee is my share,  
And this thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad,  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than he went through before;  
He that unto God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by his door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see;  
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will thy glory be?
- 5 Then shall I end my sad complaints  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints,  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with him.

257.

S. M.

*Trust.*

- 1 OUR times are in thy hand,  
O God! we wish them there;  
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave  
Entirely to thy care.
- 2 Our times are in thy hand,  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to thee.
- 3 Our times are in thy hand;  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
A father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.
- 4 Our times are in thy hand;  
We'll always trust in thee,  
Till we have left this weary land,  
And all thy glory see.

258.

11s M.

RYLE'S COL.

*Rest in Christ.*

- 1 O, EYES that are weary and hearts that are sore;  
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more;  
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,  
That on earth as in heaven there need be no  
night.
- 2 Looking off unto Jesus, my spirit is blest:  
In the world I have turmoil, in him I have rest.  
The sea of my life all about me may roar,  
When I look unto Jesus, I hear it no more.



- 3 Looking off unto Jesus, I go not astray ;  
My eyes are on him, and he shows me the way.  
The path may seem dark, as he leads me along ;  
But, following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.
- 4 Looking off unto Jesus, O ! may I be found,  
When the waters of Jordan encompass me  
round !  
Let them bear me away, in his presence to be :  
'Tis but seeing him nearer whom always I see.
- 5 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and  
grace  
Of Jesus my Lord, when I stand face to face :  
I shall know how his love went before me each  
day,  
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

259.

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

*Transformed through Christ.*

- 1 O, MEAN may seem this house of clay,  
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;  
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,  
Yet here Emmanuel trod :  
This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,  
This watch the Lord did keep,  
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,  
These tears the Lord did weep.
- 2 Our very frailty brings us near  
Unto the Lord of heaven,  
To every grief, to every tear,  
Such glory strange is given ;  
But not this fleshly robe alone  
Shall link us, Lord, to thee ;  
Not always in the tear and groan  
Shall the dear kindred be.

- 3 Thou to our woe who down didst come,  
 Who one with us would'st be,  
 Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,  
 Wilt make us one with thee.  
 Our earthly garments thou hast worn,  
 And we thy robes shall wear;  
 Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,  
 And we thy bliss may bear.
- 4 O mighty grace, our life to live,  
 To make our earth divine;  
 O mighty grace, thy heaven to give,  
 And lift our life to thine!  
 O, strange the gifts, and marvellous,  
 By thee received and given!  
 Thou tookest woe and death from us,  
 And we receive thy heaven.

260.

7s M.

TOPLADY.

*Jesus pro me perforatus.*

- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee;  
 Let the water and the blood  
 From thy riven side which flowed  
 Be of sin the double cure:  
 Cleanse me from its wrath and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands  
 Can fulfil thy law's demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone:  
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to thy fountain fly:  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

261.

C. M.

XAVIER.

*Love for Christ.*

- 1 MY Lord, I love thee, not because  
I hope for heaven thereby;  
Nor yet because if I love not,  
I must for ever die.
- 2 But, O my Jesus! thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear  
And manifold disgrace.
- 3 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!  
Should I not love thee well?  
Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
Or of escaping hell;
- 4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as thyself hast loved me,  
O ever-loving Lord!

- 5 E'en so I love thee, and will love,  
And in thy praise will sing;  
Solely because thou art my Lord  
And my eternal King.

262.

S. M.

AUSTIN.

*God our Portion.*

- 1 BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,  
That taught us this sweet way,  
Only to love thee for thyself  
And for that love obey.
- 2 O thou, our soul's chief hope!  
We to thy mercy fly;  
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,  
Whate'er we need, supply.
- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,  
To thee we both resign;  
By night we see, as well as day,  
If thy light on us shine.
- 4 Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to thee;  
In death we live as well as life,  
If thine in death we be.

263.

L. M.

O. W. HOLMES.

*Hymn of Trust.*

- 1 O LOVE divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!  
On thee we cast each earth-born care;  
We smile at pain while thou art near.

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is turned to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us thou art near!
- 4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love divine, for ever dear!  
Content to suffer, while we know,  
Living and dying, thou art near!

264.

C. M.

RAY PALMER

*The Will of God.*

- 1 THY holy will, my God, be mine;  
I yield my all to thee;  
No more shall thought or wish repine,  
Whate'er my lot shall be.
- 2 Thy wisdom is a mighty deep,  
Beyond my thought thy grace:  
My soul shall lay her fears asleep,  
Secure in thine embrace.
- 3 When clouds and darkness rule the hour,  
Thy bow on high I see;  
And e'en the rending tempest's power  
Shall work but good for me.
- 4 At every step mine eyes shall turn  
To watch thy guiding hand;  
My dearest wish shall be to learn  
And do thy pure command.

- 5 Grant me, my God, at last to hear,  
Well-pleased, the call to die;  
And 'mid the shades, with vision clear,  
To see my Saviour nigh.
- 6 Then when thy glory breaks on me,  
All radiant as the sun,  
Be this the joy of heaven,— to see  
Thy will for ever done!

265.

L. M. 6 lines.

S. F. ADAMS.

*Trust.*

- 1 HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower;  
Alike they're needful for the flower;  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment:  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!
- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove  
With murmurs whom they trust and love?  
Creator! I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to thee:  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!
- 3 O ne'er will I at life repine!  
Enough that thou hast made it mine;  
When falls the shadow cold of death,  
I yet will sing, with parting breath,  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

266.

11s & 10s M.

MOORE.

*Christian Consolations.*

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish :  
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure !  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from  
above ;  
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

267.

P. M.

LUTHERAN.

*Jesus our Home.*

- 1 'MID scenes of confusion, and creatures' complaints,  
How sweet to my soul the communion of saints,  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home !  
Home, home, sweet home !  
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory my home !
- 2 Sweet joys that unite all the children of peace,  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot  
cease,

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

Home, home, sweet home!

Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory my home!

- 3 I long from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee,  
Though now my temptations like billows may  
foam,

All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

Home, home, sweet home!

Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory my home!

- 4 While here in this valley of conflict I stay,  
Oh, give me submission and strength as my day!  
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne  
And find even here a sweet foretaste of home.

Home, home, sweet home!

Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home!

268.

8s & 6s M.

CHILD'S CHR. YEAR.

*" Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."*

- 1 O LORD, how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on thee,  
If we from self could rest!  
And feel at heart that One above  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.
- 2 Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer;  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished ravens' cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.



- 3 We cannot trust him as we should;  
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood  
 To cast its peace away;  
 But birds and flowerets round us preach,  
 All, all the present evil teach,  
 Sufficient for the day.
- 4 LORD, make these faithless hearts of ours  
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;  
 Make them from self to cease;  
 Leave all things to a Father's will,  
 And taste, before him lying still,  
 E'en in affliction peace. Amen.

269.

7s M.

NEWTON.

*Quietness and Confidence.*

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art,  
 Make me as a weanèd child;  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleased with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive;  
 What to-morrow may betide,  
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave;  
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care:  
 Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies  
 On a care beyond his own;  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
 Fears to stir a step alone,—  
 Let me thus with thee abide,  
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

270.

7s M.

KEBLE.

*Not alone.*

- 1 GALES from heaven, if God so will,  
Sweeter melodies can wake  
On the lonely mountain rill  
Than the meeting waters make.  
Who hath the Father and the Son,  
May be left, but not alone.
- 2 Sick or healthful, slave or free,  
Wealthy, or despised and poor, —  
What is that to him or thee,  
So his love to Christ endure?  
When the shore is won at last,  
Who will count the billows past?
- 3 Only, since our souls will shrink  
At the touch of natural grief,  
When our earthly loved ones sink,  
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief;  
Patient hearts their pain to see,  
And thy grace, to follow thee.

271.

8s &amp; 4s M.

ELLIOTT.

*Thy Will be done.*

- 1 MY God and Father, while I stray  
Far from my home on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done!
- 2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not;  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done!

- 3 Though thou hast called me to resign  
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine:  
I have but yielded what was thine;  
Thy will be done!
- 4 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to thee I leave the rest;  
Thy will be done!
- 5 Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with thine; and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done!
- 6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done!

272.

S. M.

LYNN.

*Christian Confidence.*

- 1 My spirit on thy care,  
Blest Saviour, I recline;  
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
For thou art love divine.
- 2 In thee I place my trust,  
On thee I calmly rest;  
I know thee good, I know thee just,  
And count thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform;  
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.

- 4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me ;  
Secure of having thee in all,  
Of having all in thee.

273.

C. M.

BONAR.

*Calmness.*

- 1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow ;  
Be like the night dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.
- 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on thy breast ;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.
- 3 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm ;  
Let thine outstretchèd wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm  
Beside her desert-spring.
- 4 Yes: keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet ;  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street ;
- 5 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in my hour of pain ;  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain ;
- 6 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like him who bore my shame ;  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,  
Who hate thy holy name ;

- 7 Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

274.

8s & 7s or P. M.

SPITTA.

*Abiding in God.*

- 1 MY soul in God abideth still,  
And ceaseth her complaining;  
Let him do with me what he will,  
While life is yet remaining;  
He is my Lord, his servant I;  
Do what he will, I ask not why;  
His ways are truth and mercy.
- 2 Therefore, my soul, abide thou still  
In God, in every season,  
Who orders all things by his will,  
And not thy feeble reason;  
And, when the end shall make quite clear  
The things which now so dark appear,  
Thou shalt give God the glory.
- 3 Then wilt thou have great cause for praise,  
That, conscious of thy blindness,  
Thou didst not murmur in dark days  
Nor doubt God's loving-kindness;  
And, when thy waiting time is o'er,  
Thou shalt praise God for evermore  
For all his wondrous mercies.

275.

12s M.

THORNTON.

*"The Voice of free Grace."*

- 1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain,"  
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;  
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon!  
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.
  
- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, oh, flee to the Saviour:  
He calls you in mercy; 'tis infinite favor.  
Your sins are increasing; escape to the mountain:  
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a pardon!  
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.
  
- 3 When Zion we see, having gained the blest shore,  
With harps in our hands we will praise him the more:  
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,  
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us a  
pardon!

We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

276.

S. M.

BRIGGS'S COL.

*Christian Rest.*

- 1 COME to the land of peace,  
From shadows come away,  
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,  
And storms no more have sway.
- 2 Fear hath no dwelling here ;  
But pure repose and love  
Breathe through the bright, celestial air  
The Spirit of the dove.
- 3 Come to the bright and blest,  
Gathered from every land ;  
For here thy soul shall find its rest,  
Amidst the shining band.
- 4 In this divine abode,  
Change leaves no saddening trace ;  
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,  
Thy holy resting-place!

277.

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

*Rest in Christ*

COME, weary souls, with sins distressed :  
Come, and accept the promised rest ;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.

- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;  
Pardon and life and endless peace,  
How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 3 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;  
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

278.

C. M.

B. W. NOBL.

*The Joy set before us.*

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain,  
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 O let me wing my hallowed flight  
From earth-born woe and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share!



V. CHRISTIAN RIGHTEOUSNESS AND  
CHRISTIAN BLESSEDNESS.

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279.

C. M.

BARTON.

*"Walk in the Light."*

- 1 WALK in the light! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love  
His Spirit only can bestow  
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly his,  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,  
Because that light hath on thee shone  
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there!
- 5 Walk in the light! and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright:  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God himself is light!

280.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Sincerity and Hypocrisy.*

- 1 GOD is a Spirit just and wise ;  
He sees our inmost mind ;  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honor can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice  
Where not the heart is sound.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

281.

8s &amp; 6s M.

DAWSON'S HYMNS.

*The Elect.*

- 1 THE saints of God are holy men,  
And women good, and children dear,  
All those who ever loved the Lord,  
Who live in faith and fear.
- 2 They are not all together now ;  
For some are dead and gone before ;  
And some are striving still on earth,  
Their trial is not o'er.

- 3 Great numbers are they of all states,  
And born in every place and land,  
Who never saw each other's face,  
Nor touched each other's hand.
- 4 But they are all made one in Christ;  
They love each other tenderly,  
The old and young, the rich, the poor,  
Of that great company.
- 5 And there shall come a glorious day,  
When all the good saints, every one,  
Shall meet within their Father's home,  
And stand before his throne.

282.

C. M.

WESLEY.

*Bear ye one another's Burdens.*

- 1 **HELP** us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.
- 2 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.
- 3 Up into thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

283.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Christian Race.*

- 1 AWAKE, our souls: away, our fears;  
Let every trembling thought be gone;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God  
That feeds the strength of every saint, —
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power,  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing Spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

284.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Christian Warfare.*

- 1 STAND up, my soul: shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy great Leader, Christ, is gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes:  
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace;  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

285.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Christian Race.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul: stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye, —
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.

286.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Having the Son, and having Life in him.*

- 1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast  
"The Son of God is mine"!  
Happy, though humbled in the dust,  
Rich in this gift divine.
- 2 He lives the life of heaven below,  
And shall for ever live;  
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,  
And endless vigor give.
- 3 That life we ask, with bended knee,  
Nor will the Lord deny;  
Nor will celestial mercy see  
Its humble suppliants die.

287.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The hidden Life of a Christian.*

- 1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high,  
While men lie grovelling here!  
His hopes are fixed above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,  
While grace and joy combine  
To form a life whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God:  
His God in secret sees;  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heavenly peace.

- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time,  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne  
To raise his figure here,  
Content and pleased to live unknown,  
Till Christ, his Life, appear.
- 6 He looks to heaven's eternal hills,  
To meet that glorious day;  
Dear Lord, how slow thy chariot wheels!  
How long is thy delay!

288.

C. M.

BRIDGES.

*Consecration.*

- 1 My God, accept my heart this day,  
And make it always thine,  
That I from thee no more may stray,  
No more from thee decline.
- 2 Before the cross of him who died,  
Behold, I prostrate fall;  
Let every sin be crucified,  
Let Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,  
Adopt me for thine own;  
That I may see thy glorious face,  
And worship at thy throne!
- 4 Let every thought and work and word  
To thee be ever given;  
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven!

289.

8s &amp; 7s M.

LITB.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee ;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
Yet how rich is my condition !  
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too ;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not like them, untrue :  
And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate and friends disown me ;  
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Men may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me ;  
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with thee.
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin and fear and care ;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?



- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal gates before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

290.

C. M.

HEBER.

*Taking up the Cross.*

- 1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar:  
Who follows in his train?
- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
And triumph over pain,  
Who patient bear his cross below,  
He follows in his train.
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on him to save.
- 4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in his train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.

- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
 The lion's gory mane;  
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:  
 Who follows in their train?
- 7 A noble army, men and boys,  
 The matron and the maid,  
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
 In robes of light arrayed.
- 8 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,  
 Through peril, toil, and pain:  
 O God! to us may grace be given,  
 To follow in their train!

291.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

*Watching, Prayer, and Perseverance.*

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify;  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky;  
 To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfil;  
 O, may it all my powers engage,  
 To do my Master's will!
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in thy sight to live;  
 And, O, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
 The strict account to give;  
 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on thyself rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall forsaken die.
-

292.

C. M.

C. WESLEY

*Watchfulness.*

- 1 I WANT a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear;  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel,  
Of pride, or fond desire;  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God! my conscience make:  
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

293.

S. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

*For Christian Principles.*

- 1 MY God, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer.  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do;  
On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease;  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less.  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray, — I want;  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.
- 3 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross.
- 4 I want a godly fear,  
A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.
- 5 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To thee and thy great name;  
A zealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify thy grace.

- 6 I rest upon thy word ;  
The promise is for me :  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee ;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

294.

L. M. 6 lines.

MORAVIAN.

*Aspiration.*

- 1 O DRAW me, Father, after thee !  
So shall I run and never tire ;  
With gracious words still comfort me ;  
Be thou my hope, my sole desire ;  
Free me from every weight ; nor fear  
Nor sin can come, if thou art near.
- 2 From all eternity, with love  
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursued ;  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on every side.
- 3 In suffering be thy love my peace ;  
In weakness be thy love my power ;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
O Father ! in my latest hour,  
In death as life, be thou my guide,  
And draw me closer to thy side.

295.

L. M.

C. WESLEY

*Spiritual Needs.*

- 1 I WANT the spirit of power within,  
Of love, and of a healthful mind;  
Of power to conquer every sin;  
Of love to God and all mankind;  
Of health that pain and death defies,  
Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 O that the Comforter would come,  
Nor visit as a transient guest,  
But fix in me his constant home,  
And keep possession of my breast;  
And make my soul his loved abode,  
The temple of indwelling God!

296.

L. M.

EXETER COL.

*Steadfastness and Watchfulness implored.*

- 1 GREAT God, my Father, and my Friend,  
On whom I cast my constant care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
To thee I raise my humble prayer.
- 2 Endue me with a holy fear;  
The frailty of my heart reveal;  
Sin and its snares are always near;  
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 3 O that to thee my constant mind  
May with a steady flame aspire,  
Pride in its earliest motions find,  
And check the rise of wrong desire!

- 4 O that my watchful soul may fly  
The first-perceived approach of sin,  
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,  
And feel thy fear control within!
- 5 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart;  
From guilt and error set me free;  
Thy light and truth and peace impart,  
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

297.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The active Christian.*

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, he's near;  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

298.

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

*Vigilance amidst Temptations.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul : lift up thine eyes ;  
See where thy foes against thee rise,  
In long array, a numerous host ;  
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;  
Perils and snares beset thee round ;  
Beware of all ; guard every part,  
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 3 Come, then, my soul : now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield ;  
Put on the armor from above  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 4 The terror and the charm repel,  
And powers of earth and powers of hell ;  
The Man of Calvary triumphed here :  
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

299.

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

*The Christian's Resolution.*

- 1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain,  
Slaves to the world ; and slaves to sin !  
A nobler toil may I sustain,  
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,  
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;  
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.



- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn, my determined choice,  
To yield to his supreme control,  
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 O, may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live thy praise.

300.

L. M.

OBERLIN.

*Self-Dedication.*

- 1 O LORD! thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;  
That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;  
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;  
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
And safe beneath thy sheltering wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
That all I want I find in thee.

301.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

*The Blessing of Meekness.*

- 1 "BLEST are the meek," he said,  
Whose doctrine is divine;  
The humble-minded earth possess,  
And bright in heaven will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,  
Calm peace with them shall dwell;  
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy  
Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs;  
They own his gracious sway;  
And, yielding all their wills to him,  
His sovereign laws obey.
- 4 No angry passions move,  
No envy fires the breast;  
The prospect of eternal peace  
Bids every trouble rest.
- 5 O gracious Father! grant  
That we this influence feel,  
That all we hope, or wish, may be  
Subjected to thy will.

302.

S. M.

KEBLE.

*The Pure in Heart.*

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs;  
Their soul is Christ's abode.

- 2 Still to the lowly soul  
He doth himself impart;  
And for his cradle and his throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

303.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Holy Fortitude.*

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

304.

8s &amp; 6s M.

WESLEY'S COL.

*True Wisdom.*

- 1 BE it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude:  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart!  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Father, to me be given!  
And let me through thy Spirit know  
To glorify my God below,  
And find my way to heaven.

305.

S. M.

HERBERT.

*All Work divine.*

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to see;  
And what I do in any thing,  
To do it as for thee!
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to thee I tend;  
In all I do be thou the way;  
In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake;  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,  
E'en servile labors shine;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;  
'The meanest work divine.

306.

7s &amp; 6s M.

WESLEY.

*Trust.*

- 1 SEE the Lord, thy Helper, stand,  
Omnipotently near;  
Lo! he holds thee by the hand,  
And banishes thy fear;

Shadows with his wings thy head;  
 Guards from all impending harms;  
 Round thee and beneath are spread  
 The everlasting arms.

2 God shall bless thy going out,  
 Shall bless thy coming in;  
 Kindly compass thee about,  
 And guard from every sin.  
 Lean upon thy Father's breast:  
 He thy quiet spirit keeps;  
 Rest in him, securely rest;  
 Thy Guardian never sleeps.

3 O my soul! unceasing pray,  
 And in thy God confide;  
 He our faltering steps shall stay,  
 Nor suffer us to slide.  
 He is still our sure defence;  
 We his ceaseless care shall prove,  
 Kept by watchful Providence  
 And ever-waking love.

307.

S. M.

MORAVIAN.

*The Christian encouraged.*

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;  
 Hope, and be undismayed;  
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;  
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,  
 He gently clears thy way;  
 Wait thou his time; so shall the night  
 Soon end in joyous day.

- 3 He everywhere hath rule,  
And all things serve his might;  
His every act pure blessing is,  
His path unsullied light.
- 4 Thou comprehend'st him not;  
Yet earth and heaven tell,  
God sits as Sovereign on the throne;  
He ruleth all things well.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;  
Our hearts are known to thee;  
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee!
- 6 Let us, in life or death,  
Boldly thy truth declare,  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

308.

S. M.

MORAVIAN.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into his hands,  
To his sure trust and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care;  
To him commend thy cause: his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

- 4 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on;  
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

309.

L. M.

SIR H. WOTTON.

*The Character of a happy Life.*

- 1 How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will,  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame, or private breath;
- 3 Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice hath ever understood,  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;
- 4 Who hath his life from rumors freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;
- 5 Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend,—
- 6 This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

310.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Walking with God.*

- 1 THrice happy souls, who, born from heaven,  
While yet they sojourn here,  
Thus all their days with God begin,  
And spend them in his fear!
- 2 'Midst hourly cares may love present  
Its incense to thy throne,  
And, while the world our hands employs,  
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,  
Be each refreshment sought,  
And by each various providence  
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties called,  
Or by temptations tried,  
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,  
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 As different scenes of life arise,  
Our grateful hearts would be  
With thee amidst the social band,  
In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid, pure delights like these,  
Let all my days be passed;  
Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
Nor shall I fear the last.



311.

C. M.

LOGAN.

*Heavenly Wisdom.*

- 1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice,  
And who celestial Wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold ;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy days ;  
Riches, with splendid honors joined,  
Are what her left displays.
- 4 She guides the young, with innocence,  
In pleasure's paths to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

312.

8s &amp; 6s M.

HENRY MOORE.

*The Charms of Virtue imperishable.*

- 1 ALL earthly charms, however dear,  
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,  
Will quickly fade and fly ;  
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,  
And soon the transitory rays  
In endless darkness die.

- 2 The nobler beauties of the just  
Shall never moulder in the dust,  
Or know a sad decay;  
Their honors time and death defy,  
And round the throne of heaven on high  
Beam everlasting day.

313.

12s M.

GASKELL.

*Joy in the Lord.*

- 1 I AM free! I am free! I have broken away  
From the chambers of night to the splendors of  
day;  
All the phantoms that darkened around me are  
gone,  
And a spirit of light is now leading me on.
- 2 Earth appeareth in garments of beauty new drest;  
Brighter thoughts, brighter feelings, spring forth  
in my breast;  
Happy voices are floating in music above;  
All creation is full of the glory of love.
- 3 God of truth! it is thou who hast shed down  
each ray  
Of the sunshine that blesses and gladdens my  
way;  
From the depths of my spirit to thee will I give  
Ever thankful affection as long as I live.

314.

C. M.

ST. BERNARD.

*Joy in Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of thee  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far thy face to see  
And in thy presence rest.

- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can fi  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than thy blest nam  
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart!  
O joy of all the meek!  
To those who fall, how kind thou art  
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! t  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but his loved ones know.

## Life, Death, Futurity.

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315.

L. M.

J. TAYLOR.

### *True Length of Life.*

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,  
Or clouds that roll successive on,  
Man's busy generations pass,  
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 "He lived, — he died;" behold the sum,  
The abstract of the historian's page!  
Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,  
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 3 O Father, in whose mighty hand  
The boundless years and ages lie!  
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,  
And use the moments as they fly;
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life  
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:  
So shall we wake from death's dark night  
To share the glory that succeeds.

316.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

### *The Uncertainty of Life.*

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
O, make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day !
- 3 One thing demands our care ;  
O, be it still pursued !  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.
- 4 To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young, golden beams should die  
In sudden, endless night.

317.

C. M.

J. Q. ADAMS.

*The Hour Glass.*

- 1 ALAS! how swift the moments fly !  
How flash the years along !  
Scarce here, yet gone already by,  
The burden of a song.  
See childhood, youth, and manhood, pass,  
And age, with furrowed brow ;  
Time was : Time shall be ; but alas !  
Where, where, in Time is *now* ?
- 2 Time is the measure but of change ;  
No present hour is found ;  
The past, the future, fill the range  
Of Time's unceasing round.  
Where, then, is *now* ? In realms above,  
With God's atoning Lamb,  
In regions of eternal love,  
Where sits enthroned I AM.

- 3 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and tears  
 On Time no longer lean ;  
 But henceforth all thy hopes and fears  
 From earth's affections wean :  
 To God let votive accents rise ;  
 With truth, with virtue live ;  
 So all the bliss that Time denies  
 Eternity shall give.

318.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Man frail and God eternal. Ps. 90.*

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home, —
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.
- 3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust, —  
 "Return, ye sons of men :"  
 All nations rose from earth at first,  
 And turn to earth again.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone,  
 Short as the watch that ends the night,  
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fly forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

319.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Man mortal and God eternal. Ps. 90.*

- 1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,  
Thou art our rest, our safe abode :  
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,  
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,  
Or dust was fashioned to a man ;  
And long thy kingdom shall endure,  
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream,  
An empty tale, a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord ! how frail is man,  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

320.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Human Frailty, and God our Preserver.*

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear ;  
But we'll confess, O Lord ! to thee,  
What feeble things we are.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay ;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone :  
Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
The God that built us first ;  
Salvation to the almighty name  
That reared us from the dust.

321.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Blind and Weak led in God's Ways. Isa. xlii. 16.*

- 1 PRAISE to the radiant Source of bliss,  
Who gives the blind their sight,  
And scatters round their wondering eyes  
A flood of sacred light.
- 2 In paths unknown he leads them on  
To his divine abode,  
And shows new miracles of grace  
Through all the heavenly road.
- 3 The ways, all rugged and perplexed,  
He renders smooth and straight,  
And strengthens every feeble knee  
To march to Zion's gate.
- 4 Through all the path I'll sing his name,  
Till I the mount ascend,  
Where toils and storms are known no more,  
And anthems never end.



322.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The High-Way to Zion.*

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing;  
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,  
How holy and how plain!  
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,  
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,  
Nor lurking serpent wound;  
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on  
Through all the blissful road,  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head,  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;  
Pursue his footsteps still;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye  
While laboring up the hill.

323.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Wise Use of the Light before the Night cometh.*

- 1 THE swift-declining day,  
How fast its moments fly!  
While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,  
And use the hours of light;  
And know its Maker can command  
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun  
In its meridian blaze,  
And cuts from smiling, vigorous youth  
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow  
Your feet shall quickly slide,  
And from its airy summit dash  
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the whirling sphere;  
Submissive at his footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.
- 6 Then shall new lustre break  
Through horror's darkest gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging light  
In a celestial home.

324.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The weeping Seed-Time and joyful Harvest. Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6.*

- 1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!  
Troubled with storms, and big with showers;  
No cheerful gleam of light appears,  
But Nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of grace revive:  
God bids the soul that seeks him live;  
And from the gloomiest shade of night  
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown  
Are in these watered furrows sown;  
See the green blades, how thick they rise!  
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.
- 4 In secret foldings they contain  
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;  
And heaven shall pour its beams around,  
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,  
And find his sheaves, and bear them home;  
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,  
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

325.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Wisdom of redeeming Time.*

- 1 GOD of eternity, from thee  
Did infant Time his being draw;  
Moments and days, and months and years,  
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;  
Steady and strong the current flows,  
Lost in eternity's wild sea,  
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men  
Before the rapid stream are borne  
On to that everlasting home,  
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore, on either side,  
Presents a gaudy flattering show,  
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,  
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart  
To know the price of every hour ;  
That time may bear me on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its power.

326.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Heaven our Home.*

- 1 WHILE through this changing world we roam  
From infancy to age,  
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,  
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,  
Eternal joys to share ;  
There his adoring spirit bends,  
While here he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise,  
To fix on things above,  
Where all his hope of glory lies,  
Where all is perfect love.

- 4 There, too, may we our treasure place,  
 There let our hearts be found ;  
 That still, where sin abounded, grace  
 May more and more abound.
- 5 Henceforth our conversation be  
 With Christ before the throne ;  
 Ere long, we, eye to eye, shall see,  
 And know as we are known.

327.

8s, 7s, &amp; 4s.

OLIVER.

*The Lord our Guide.*

- I GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!  
 Pilgrim through this barren land :  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand ;  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing waters flow ;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through ;  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid the swelling stream divide ;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

328.

11s M.

EPISCOPAL COL.

*"I would not live alway."* Job vii. 16.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;  
I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without, and corruption within.
- 2 I would not live alway ; no: welcome the tomb ;  
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom ;  
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode ?  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
    plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

329.

P. M.

LUTHER.

*Judgment Hymn.*

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of mankind doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated ;  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before ;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

330.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*God the everlasting Light of the Saints above. Isa. lx. 20.*

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
    With all your feeble light;  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
    Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
    In brighter flames arrayed,  
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
    No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
    Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts,  
    Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light  
    Shall there his beams display;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
    With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief  
    Shall swell into mine eyes,  
Nor the meridian sun decline  
    Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints  
    Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall view  
    With infinite delight.

331.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Death and immediate Glory.*

- 1 THERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal and on high,  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolved and fall;  
Then, O my soul! with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he by his almighty grace  
That forms thee fit for heaven;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come;  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But, while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

332.

C. M.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

*The heavenly Jerusalem.*

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end  
In joy and peace and thee?



- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

333.

C. M.

WATTS.

*A Prospect of Heaven.*

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross this narrow sea,  
 And linger, shivering, on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unbeckoned eyes;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,—  
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood  
 Should fright us from the shore.

334.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Heaven invisible and holy.*

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,  
 Nor sense nor reason known,  
 What joys the Father has prepared  
 For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
 Reveals a heaven to come;  
 The beams of glory in his word  
 Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
 And all the region peace;  
 No wanton lips nor envious eye  
 Can see or taste the bliss.

- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb.

335.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Preparation for Heaven.*

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin;  
But all who hope to enter there  
Must here that holy course begin  
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God! in us create;  
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;  
Commence we now that higher state,  
Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,  
Learn every lesson of his love;  
And be from grace to glory led,  
From heaven below to heaven above.

336.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Hope of Heaven a Support under Trials.*

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all,—

- 3 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heavenly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

337.

L. M. 6 lines. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

*Foretaste of Heaven.*

- 1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,  
 At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,  
 Since the sweet earnest of his love  
 O'erwhelms us on these earthly plains!  
 No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
 What bliss it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,  
 When sorrow pains our hearts no more,  
 How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
 And all his works of grace explore!  
 What heights and depths of love divine  
 Will there through endless ages shine!
- 3 This is the heaven I long to know;  
 For this, with patience, I would wait,  
 Till, weaned from earth, and all below,  
 I mount to my celestial seat,  
 And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
 And, with the elders, cast them down.

*Before Christ's reign of glory.*

338.

P. M.

RYLE'S COL.

*The Rest which remaineth.*

- 1 O FOR the calm beyond the storms  
 In the presence of the Lord,  
 Where with angels bright,  
 Both day and night,  
 We shall hear his sacred word!

- 2 O for the body free from pain,  
The spirit free from sin,  
Which he will give  
To the souls that live,  
Who shall dwell his courts within!
- 3 O for the joy no eye hath seen,  
No human heart hath known!  
For faint and low  
Fall the echoes below  
Of the songs around his throne.
- 4 But O for grace to serve him here,  
To rest upon his love,  
To walk with God  
On our earthly road,  
And to anchor our joys above!
- 5 O for a faith to see the Lord  
Through darkness and through tears,  
To hear his voice,  
And still to rejoice,  
And watch till the day appears!

339.

P. M.

RYLE'S COL.

*Better to be with Christ.*

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear!  
We soon shall have entered our home;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come;  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
To dwell in our native abode,  
In mansions of glory above,  
Prepared by our Father and God.

- 2 Ah! who upon earth can conceive  
 The bliss that in heaven they'll share?  
 And who this dark world would not leave,  
     And cheerfully seek to be there?  
 There Christ is the light and the sun,  
 And we by reflection shall shine,  
 With him everlastingly one,  
     And bright in effulgence divine.
- 3 'Tis good at thy word to be here,  
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,  
 And see thee in glory appear,  
     And rise to a share in thy throne:  
 All tears will be wiped from our eyes,  
 When thee we behold in the cloud,  
 And echo the joys of the skies,  
     And shout to the trumpet of God.

340.

P. M.

CAREY.

*Nearer Home.*

- 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought  
     Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
 I am nearer home to-day  
     Than I ever have been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,  
     Where the many mansions be;  
 Nearer the great white throne;  
     Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,  
     Where we lay our burdens down;  
 Nearer leaving the cross;  
     Nearer gaining the crown.

- 4 But lying darkly between,  
     Winding down through the night,  
 Is the deep and unknown stream,  
     To be crossed ere we reach the light.
- 5 Jesus, perfect my trust,  
     Strengthen the hand of my faith;  
 Let me feel thee near when I stand  
     On the edge of the shore of death.
- 6 Feel thee near when my feet  
     Are slipping over the brink;  
 For it may be I'm nearer home,  
     Nearer now than I think.

341.

7s & 6s M. { J. M. NEALE, from  
 BERNARD OF MORLAIX.*Jerusalem the Golden.*

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden,  
     With milk and honey blest!  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
     Sink heart and voice oppressed.  
 I know not, oh! I know not  
     What joys await me there;  
 What radiancy of glory,  
     What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
     All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
     And all the martyr throng.  
 There is the throne of David,  
     And there, from toil released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
     The song of them that feast.

- 3 And they, who, with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.  
 Oh, land that seest no sorrow!  
 Oh, state that fear'st no strife!  
 Oh, royal land of flowers!  
 Oh, realm and home of life!
- 4 Oh, sweet and blessed country!  
 The home of God's elect!  
 Oh, sweet and blessed country  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest,  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

342.

C. M.

*Jerusalem our Home.*

- 1 O, MY sweet home, Jerusalem!  
 Thy joys when shall I see?  
 The king that sitteth on thy throne  
 In his felicity!
- 2 Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square;  
 Thy gates are all of orient pearl:  
 O God! if I were there!
- 3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
 Continually are green,  
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
 As nowhere else are seen.



- 4 Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,  
The living waters flow;  
And on the banks on either side  
The trees of life do grow.
- 5 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit,  
For evermore they spring;  
And all the nations of the earth  
To thee their honors bring.
- 6 Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem!  
When shall I come to Thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

343.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*For ever with the Lord.*

- 1 FOR ever with the Lord!  
Amen! so let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
And immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high!  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye  
'Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

- 5 Beneath its glowing arch,  
Along the hallowed ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around.
- 6 I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
- 7 Then, then I feel, that he,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive him not.

## Times and Seasons and Occasions.

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### I. TIMES AND SEASONS AND OCCASIONS.

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344.

L. M.

STENNETT.

*The Christian Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun ;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;  
Improve the day that God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies,  
And draw from Heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none but he that feels it knows !
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day —  
In holy pleasures — pass away ;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

345.

C. M.

{ CHANDLER,  
from the Breviary .*Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 Now Morning lifts her dewy veil,  
With new-born blessings crowned;  
O, haste we, then, her light to hail,  
In courts of holy ground.
- 2 But Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,  
Shines more divinely bright;  
O, sing we, then, his power to save,  
And walk we in his light.
- 3 When from the swaddling bands of shade  
Sprang forth the world so fair,  
In robes of brilliancy arrayed,  
O, what a power was there!
- 4 When he, who gave his guiltless Son,  
A guilty world to spare,  
Restored to life the Holy One,  
O, what a love was there!
- 5 Still, as the morning rays return,  
To pious souls 'tis given,  
In fancy's mirror to discern  
The radiant domes of heaven.
- 6 But, now that our eternal Sun  
Hath shed his beams abroad,  
In him we see the Holy One,  
And mount at once to God.

346.

S. M.

WATTS.

*The Lord's Day.*

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

347.

L. M.

WATTS.

*A Psalm for the Lord's Day. Ps. 92.*

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
O, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word :  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Then shall I see and hear and know  
All I desired or wished below,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

348.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Lord's Day. Ps. 118.*

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;  
He calls the hours his own :  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son ;  
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring  
Salvation from the throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace, —  
Who comes in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

349.

S. M.

BULFINCH.

*Sabbath Hymn.*

- 1 HAIL to the Sabbath day! —  
The day divinely given,  
When men to God their homage pay,  
And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in thy sacred hour,  
Within thy courts, we bend,  
And bless thy love, and own thy power,  
Our Father and our Friend!
- 3 But thou art not alone  
In courts by mortals trod,  
Nor only is the day thine own  
When men draw near their God.
- 4 Thy temple is the arch  
Of yon unmeasured sky,  
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march  
Of grand eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day  
Dawn on thy servant's sight,  
And grant us in those courts to pray,  
Of pure, unclouded light.

350.

C. M.

CODMAN'S COL.

*Blessing of the Lord's Day.*

- 1 BLEST day of God ! most calm, most bright !  
The first and best of days ;  
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,  
The day of prayer and praise.
- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;  
His rising thee did raise,  
And made thee heavenly and divine,  
Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind ;  
And they who do the Sabbath love  
A happy week will find.
- 4 This day I must to God appear,  
For, Lord, the day is thine ;  
Help me to spend it in thy fear,  
And thus to make it mine.

351.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The eternal Sabbath.*

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows  
On this thy day, in this thy house ;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our laboring souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.



- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues;
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day! begin;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

352.

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

*For the Morning of the Lord's Day. Ps. 118.*

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made:  
O earth! rejoice and sing;  
Let songs of triumph hail the morn,  
Hosanna to our King!
- 2 The stone the builders set at nought, —  
That stone has now become  
The sure foundation, and the strength  
Of Zion's heavenly dome.
- 3 Christ is that stone, rejected once,  
And numbered with the slain;  
Now raised in glory, o'er his church  
Eternally to reign.
- 4 This is the day the Lord hath made:  
O earth! rejoice and sing;  
With songs of triumph hail the morn,  
Hosanna to our King!

353.

H. M.

WATTS.

*Longing for the House of God. Ps. 84.*

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples, are!  
To thine abode  
My heart aspires  
With warm desires  
To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young  
With pleasure seeks a nest,  
And wandering swallows long  
To find their wonted rest:  
My spirit faints  
With equal zeal  
To rise and dwell  
Among thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise thee still,  
And happy they  
That love the way  
To Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears:

O glorious seat,  
When God-our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet !

354.

S. M.

E. TAYLOR.

*Invitation to the House of God.*

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, come ;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;  
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now ;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love ;  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;  
Let not your hearts his praise disown,  
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all, —  
Who seest the tear of misery,  
And hear'st the mourner's call, —
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heaven on earth be won.

355.

L. M. 6 lines.

{ JOHN WESLEY,  
from *Tersteegen*.*The Lord is in this Place.*

- 1 Lo, God is here! Let us adore,  
And humbly bow before his face;  
Let all within us feel his power,  
Let all within us seek his grace!  
Who know his power, his grace who prove,  
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo, God is here! him day and night  
The united choirs of angels sing;  
To him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring:  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue!
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:  
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;  
O take and seal them for thine own!  
Thou art the God! Thou art the Lord!  
Be thou by all thy works adored!
- 4 Being of beings, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will!  
To thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

356.

C. M.

MILTON.

*Delight in God's House. Ps. 84.*

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair;  
O Lord of hosts! how dear  
The pleasant tabernacles are,  
Where thou dost dwell so near!

- 2 My soul doth long, and almost die,  
Thy courts, O Lord! to see;  
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
O living God! for thee.
- 3 Happy, who in thy house reside,  
Where thee they ever praise;  
Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
And in their hearts thy ways.
- 4 They journey on from strength to strength,  
With joy and gladsome cheer,  
Till all before our God at length  
In Zion do appear.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high,  
That man is truly blest  
Who only on thee doth rely,  
And in thee only rest.

357.

L. M. 6 lines.

BISHOP HEBER.

*Seeking Refuge.*

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Father, we seek thy shelter here:  
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;  
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain;  
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;  
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;  
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

358.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Pleasure of public Worship. Ps. 84.*

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 God is our Sun; he makes our day :  
God is our Shield; he guards our way  
From all the assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.
- 3 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too ;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.
- 4 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their Strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their Helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

359.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Seeking God. Ps. 68.*

- 1 My God, permit my tongue  
This joy, — to call thee mine ;  
And let my early cries prevail  
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 Within thy churches, Lord,  
I long to find my place,  
Thy power and glory to behold,  
And feel thy quickening grace.
- 3 For life, without thy love,  
No relish can afford ;  
No joy can be compared to this, —  
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 To thee I'll lift my hands,  
And praise thee while I live ;  
Not all the dainties of a feast  
Such food or pleasure give.
- 5 Since thou hast been my Help,  
To thee my spirit flies ;  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps ;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

360.

L. M.

TATE &amp; BRADY.

*Public Worship. Ps. 95.*

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our almighty King;  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his favors past;  
To him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,  
Is with unrivalled glory great;  
A King superior far to all,  
Whom by his title God we call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,  
Her secret wealth at his command;  
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,  
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss  
By the same sovereign right is his;  
'Tis moved by his almighty hand,  
That formed and fixed the solid land.
- 6 O, let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there;  
Down on our knees devoutly, all,  
Before the Lord our Maker fall!



361.

7s M.

J. TAYLOR.

*The accepted Offering.*

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,  
Wise, beneficent, and kind,  
Spread o'er nature's ample face,  
Flows thy goodness unconfined;  
Musing in the silent grove,  
Or the busy walks of men,  
Still we trace thy wondrous love,  
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,  
At thine altars when we bow?  
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring  
Whence the kind affections flow;  
Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
By the melting eye expressed;  
Sympathy, at whose control  
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,  
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;  
Love, embracing all our kind,  
Charity, with liberal store:  
Teach us, O thou heavenly King!  
Thus to show our grateful mind,  
Thus the accepted offering bring,  
Love to thee and all mankind.

362.

8s &amp; 7s M.

J. TAYLOR.

*Surrounding the Mercy-Seat.*

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes and fond desires,  
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,  
Every heart to heaven aspires;

From the fount of glory beaming,  
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,  
 Mercy from above proclaiming  
 Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?  
 Every pure and humble mind;  
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
 From the dross of guilt refined:  
 Blessings all around bestowing,  
 God withholds his care from none;  
 Grace and mercy ever flowing  
 From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,  
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,  
 Still thy providence adoring,  
 Faithful subjects to thy laws;  
 Lord, with favor still attend us,  
 Bless us with thy wondrous love;  
 Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us;  
 All our hope is from above.

363.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Praise to our Creator. Ps. 100.*

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone;  
 He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
 He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame :  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

364.

C. M.

DRENNAN

*God may be worshipped in every Place.*

- 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain  
The universal Lord ;  
Yet he in humble hearts will deign  
To dwell and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice  
Of fervent praise and prayer,  
Or on the earth or in the skies,  
The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad  
Through realms, through worlds unknown :  
Who seek the mercies of our God  
Are ever near his throne.

365.

C. M.

BOWRING.

*Pure Worship.*

- 1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,  
Of mingled praise and prayer,  
Are but a worthless sacrifice,  
Unless the heart is there.

- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear  
Let no vain words intrude ;  
No tribute but the vow sincere,  
The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,  
If sanctified by thee ;  
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast  
With its own purity.
- 4 O, may that Spirit warm my heart  
To piety and love,  
And to life's lowly vale impart  
Some rays from heaven above !

366.

S. M.

WATTS.

*A Call to Worship. Ps. 95.*

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing :  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;  
Come, bow before the Lord ;  
We are his works, and not our own ;  
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

367.

6s &amp; 4s M.

ANONYMOUS.

*Solemn Invocation.*

- 1 COME, thou almighty King!  
Help us thy name to sing;  
Help us to praise;  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days.
- 2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord,  
By heaven and earth adored!  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and thy children bless;  
Give thy good word success;  
Make thine own holiness  
On us descend.
- 3 Never from us depart;  
Rule thou in every heart,  
Hence, evermore.  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

368.

C. M.

BRYANT.

*Imploring the Compassion of God.*

- 1 O GOD, whose dread and dazzling brow  
Love never yet forsook!  
On those who seek thy presence now  
In deep compassion look;

- 2 For many a frail and erring heart  
Is in thy holy sight,  
And feet too willing to depart  
From the plain way of right.
- 3 Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,  
And kind to all that live,  
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,  
Art ready to forgive.
- 4 Lord, aid us with thy heavenly grace  
Our truest bliss to find ;  
Nor sternly judge our erring race,  
So feeble and so blind.

369.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

*Close of the Evening Service.*

- 1 SOON will our fleeting hours be past,  
And, as the setting sun  
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,  
Our parting beams be gone.
- 2 May He, from whom all blessings flow,  
Our sacred rites attend ;  
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,  
Till life's short journey end ;
- 3 And, as the rapid sands run down,  
Our virtue still improve,  
Till each receives the glorious crown  
Of never-fading love.

370.

7s M.

SALISBURY COL.

*Humble Adoration.*

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,  
Be thy glorious name adored ;  
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;  
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,  
Deign our humble songs to hear ;  
Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;  
Then on high we'll joyful raise  
Songs of everlasting praise.

371.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*The Christian Farewell.*

- 1 THY presence, everlasting God,  
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;  
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,  
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,  
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;  
When absent, happy if we share  
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,  
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;  
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,  
And guard and guide us still as thine.

- 4 Give us in thy beloved house  
Again to pay our grateful vows ;  
Or, if that joy no more be known,  
Give us to meet around thy throne.

372.

7s M.

J. NEWTON.

*At Parting.*

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye  
Shines on every place the same,  
So the Lord is always nigh  
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,  
He is with them by the way ;  
He is ever with them all,  
Those who go, and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat  
Nothing can their souls confine ;  
Still in spirit they may meet,  
And in sweet communion join.
- 4 For a season called to part,  
Let us, then, ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 5 Father, hear our humble prayer ;  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 6 In thy strength may we be strong,  
Sweeten every cross and pain ;  
Give us, if we live, ere long,  
Here to meet in peace again.



373.

C. M.

BISHOP HERR.

*The Seed of the Word.*

- 1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,  
By whom the harvest blest;  
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,  
Is planted in our breast!
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air;  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And weeds of worldly care.
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,  
Do thou thy grace supply;  
The hope in earthly furrows sown  
Shall ripen in the sky.

374.

C. M.

RIPFON'S COL.

*The Seed sown.*

- 1 Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,  
Be it thy servant's care  
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,  
By humble, fervent prayer.
- 2 In vain we plant without thine aid,  
And water, too, in vain;  
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,  
Send down thy heavenly rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues  
Begin this song divine:  
"Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,  
And be the glory thine."

375.

7s M.

SALISBURY COL.

*Prayer for a Blessing.*

- 1 GLORIOUS in thy saints appear;  
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;  
Light and life to all impart;  
Shine on each believing heart;
- 2 And, in every grace complete,  
Make us, Lord, for glory meet;  
Till we stand before thy sight,  
With the blessed saints in light.

376.

7s M.

H. K. WHITE.

*Parting.*

- 1 CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,  
Every voice and every heart  
Join, and to our Father raise  
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,  
Yet there is a brighter shore;  
There, released from toil and pain,  
There, we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to Him who reigns in heaven  
Be eternal glory given!  
Grateful for thy love divine,  
O, may all our hearts be thine!

377.

8s &amp; 7s M.

BICKERSTETH.

*Closing Hymn.*

- 1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,  
Through my pilgrimage below;  
And beside the waters lead me,  
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,  
Meekly kneeling, I implore;  
I have found thee, and would never,  
Never wander from thee more.

378.

P. M.

CONDOR.

*Peace with God.*

To all thy faithful people, Lord,  
Pardon and peace impart;  
And be thy Spirit shed abroad,  
Thy love in every heart;  
That they, from conscious guilt made clean,  
May serve thee with a mind serene.

379.

8s &amp; 7s M.

TOPLADY'S COL.

*Hymn of Dismission.*

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Let us each, thy peace possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound.

380.

8s &amp; 7s M.

J. NEWTON.

*Benediction.*

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

381.

7s M.

SP. OF THE PSALMS.

*He shall give his Angels charge over thee.*

- 1 THEY, who on the Lord rely,  
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh;  
Lo! his sheltering wings are spread  
O'er each faithful servant's head.
- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare;  
They shall be the Father's care;  
Harmless flies the shaft by day,  
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake or when they sleep,  
Angel guards their vigils keep;  
Death and danger may be near,  
Faith and love can never fear.

382.

7s M.

J. NEWTON.

*Benediction.*

- 1 Now may He who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in his sight,  
Perfect us in all his will,  
And preserve us day and night.

383.

C. M.

ESTLIN.

*Doxology.*

- 1 THOU art the first, and thou the last;  
Time centres all in thee;  
The almighty God, who was and is  
And evermore shall be.
- 2 To thee let every tongue be praise,  
And every heart be love,  
All grateful honors paid on earth,  
And nobler songs above.

384.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Christ's Regard to little Children.*

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand  
With all-engaging charms;  
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms!

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;  
Ye children, seek his face,  
And fly with transport to receive  
The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,  
God's guardian care we trust;  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

385.

C. M.

ALFORD.

*Holy Baptism.*

- 1 IN token that thou shalt not fear  
Christ crucified to own,  
We print the cross upon thee here,  
And stamp thee his alone.
- 2 In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in his name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
His glory and his shame.
- 3 In token that thou shalt not fail  
Christ's quarrel to maintain,  
But 'neath his banner manfully  
Firm at thy post remain;

- 4 In token that thou, too, shalt tread  
 The path he travelled by,  
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
 And sit thee down on high.
- 5 Thus, outwardly and visibly,  
 We seal thee for his own;  
 And may the brow that wears his cross  
 Hereafter share his crown!

386.

S. M.

J. F. CLARKE.

*Baptism of Children.*

- 1 To Him, who children blessed,  
 And suffered them to come,  
 To Him who took them to his breast,  
 We bring these children home.
- 2 To thee, O God! whose face  
 Their spirits still behold,  
 We bring them, praying that thy grace  
 May keep, thine arms enfold.
- 3 And as this water falls  
 On each unconscious brow,  
 Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord!  
 To keep them pure as now.

387.

8s &amp; 7s M.

MUHLENBERG.

*He beareth the Lambs in his Arms.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding  
 With the shepherd's kindest care,  
 All the feeble gently leading,  
 While the lambs thy bosom share, —

- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in thy gracious arm ;  
There, we know, thy word believing,  
Only there, secure from harm !
- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey ;  
Let thy tenderness so loving  
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting-place ;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of thy grace !

388.

C. M.

HEBR.

*Early Piety.*

- 1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo ! such the child, whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.



- 5 O thou who givest life and breath!  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

389.

7s M.

LYRA ANGLICANA.

*Confirmation Prayer.*

- 1 THINE for ever! God of love,  
Hear us from thy throne above;  
Thine for ever may we be,  
Here and in eternity!
- 2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife;  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever! O how blest  
They who find in thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end!
- 4 Thine for ever! Saviour keep  
These thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath thy care,  
Let us all thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by thee supplied,  
All our sins by thee forgiven,  
Led by thee from earth to heaven!

390.

S. M.

J. F. CLARKE.

*Baptism of a Child.*

- 1 To thee, O God in heaven!  
This little one we bring,  
Giving to thee what thou hast given,  
Our dearest offering.
- 2 Into a world of toil  
These little feet will roam,  
Where sin its purity may soil,  
Where care and grief may come.
- 3 O, then, let thy pure love,  
With influence serene,  
Come down, like water, from above,  
To comfort and make clean.
- 4 And as this water falls  
On this unconscious brow,  
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord!  
To keep it pure as now.

391.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Lord's Supper instituted.*

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread and blessed and brake:  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin ;  
Receive and eat the living food ;"  
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine ;  
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,  
In memory of your dying Friend ;  
Meet at my table and record  
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate ;  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

392.

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Memorial of our absent Lord.*

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not ;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face ;  
And to refresh our minds he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem ;  
Christ and his love fill every thought,  
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
That we may dwell in heavenly light,  
And live for ever near his face.

393.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*"This do in Remembrance of me."*

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,—  
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget,  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn my eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!  
I must remember thee;
- 5 Remember thee and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me,  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

394.

S. M.

FURNESS.

*A Communion Hymn.*

- 1 O FOR a prophet's fire,  
O for an angel's tongue,  
To speak the mighty love of Him  
Who on the cross was hung!
- 2 In vain our hearts attempt,  
In language meet, to tell  
How through a thousand sorrows burned  
That flame unquenchable.
- 3 Yet would we praise that love,  
Beyond expression dear;  
Come, gather round this table, then,  
And celebrate it here.
- 4 Here, in the bread and wine,  
Your dying Saviour view;  
Thus did he give his body up,  
And thus his blood, for you.
- 5 These symbols of his death,  
O, with what power they speak!  
Prophetic lips and angels' lyres,  
Compared with these, are weak.
- 6 And shall they plead in vain  
With our forgetful souls?  
Forbid it, God, while through our veins  
The vital current rolls.

395.

C. M.

E. TAYLOR.

*Proper Dispositions for the Communion.*

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love,  
Let strife and hatred cease ;  
And every thought harmonious move,  
And every heart be peace !
- 2 Not here, where met to think on Him  
Whose latest thoughts were ours,  
Shall mortal passions come to dim  
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No : gracious Master, not in vain  
Thy life of love hath been ;  
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,  
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 " Thy kingdom come ; " we watch, we wait,  
To hear thy cheering call,  
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,  
And God be all in all.

396.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

*One in Christ.*

- 1 PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,  
This day, with one accord,  
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,  
We yield to thee, O Lord !
- 2 Joined in one body may we be ;  
One inward life partake ;  
One be our heart, one heavenly hope  
In every bosom wake.

- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,  
 One wisdom be our guide ;  
 Taught by one Spirit from above,  
 In thee may we abide.
- 4 Then, when among the saints in light  
 Our joyful spirits shine,  
 Shall anthems of immortal praise,  
 O Lamb of God ! be thine.

397.

P. M.

KEBLE.

- 1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,  
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
 By whom the words of life were spoken,  
 And in whose death our sins are dead, —
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
 And be thy feast to us the token  
 That by thy grace our souls are fed.

398.

7s &amp; 6s M. FROM THOS. AQUINAS.

*Christ our Life.*

- 1 O BREAD to pilgrims given,  
 O food that angels eat,  
 O manna sent from heaven,  
 For heaven-born natures meet !  
 Give us, for thee long pining,  
 To eat till richly filled ;  
 Till, earth's delights resigning,  
 Our every wish is stilled.

2 O water, life-bestowing,  
 From out the Saviour's heart,  
 A fountain purely flowing,  
 A fount of love thou art!  
 O let us, freely tasting,  
 Our burning thirst assuage!  
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,  
 Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,  
 We thee unseen adore;  
 Thy faithful word believing,  
 We take, and doubt no more;  
 Give us, thou true and loving,  
 On earth to live in thee;  
 Then, death the veil removing,  
 Thy glorious face to see!

399.

C. M.

MORAVIAN.

*"He shall feed his Flock like a Shepherd."*

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless  
 Thy chosen pilgrim flock,  
 With manna in the wilderness,  
 With water from the rock.
- 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,  
 As thou when here below,  
 Our souls the joys celestial seek  
 Which from thy sorrows flow.
- 3 We would not live by bread alone,  
 But by that word of grace,  
 In strength of which we travel on  
 To our abiding-place.



- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,  
 But do not then depart ;  
 Saviour, abide with us, and spread  
 Thy table in our heart.
- 5 Lord, sup with us in love divine ;  
 Thy body and thy blood,  
 That living bread, that heavenly wine,  
 Be our immortal food.

400.

S. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

*The Son of God giving Thanks.*

- 1 THE Son of God gave thanks  
 Before the bread he broke ;  
 How high that calm devotion ranks  
 Among the words he spoke !
- 2 Thanks, 'mid those troubled men ;  
 Thanks, at that deathly hour ;  
 The world's dark prince advancing then  
 With all his rage and power.
- 3 Thanks, o'er that loaf's dread sign ;  
 Thanks, o'er that bitter food ;  
 And o'er the cup that was not wine,  
 But sorrow, fear, and blood.
- 4 And shall our griefs resent  
 What God appoints as best,  
 When he in all things innocent  
 Was yet in all distressed.
- 5 Shall we unthankful be  
 For all our blessings' round,  
 When in the press of agony  
 Such room for thanks he found ?

- 6 O shame us, Lord, — whate'er  
 The fortunes of our days, —  
 If chastened, we are weak to bear,  
 If favored, slow to praise!

401.

C. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

*Remember me.*

- 1 "REMEMBER me," the Saviour said  
 On that forsaken night,  
 When from his side his nearest fled,  
 And death was close in sight.
- 2 Through all the following ages' track  
 The world remembers yet;  
 With love and worship gazes back,  
 And never can forget.
- 3 But who of us has seen his face,  
 Or heard the words he said?  
 And none can now his look retrace,  
 In breaking of the bread.
- 4 O blest are they who have not seen,  
 But yet believe him still!  
 They know him when his praise they mean,  
 And when they do his will.
- 5 We hear his truth along our way,  
 We see his light above;  
 Remember, when we watch and pray,  
 Remember, when we love.

402.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

*One in Christ.*

- 1 A HOLY air is breathing round,  
A fragrance from above ;  
Be every soul from sense unbound,  
Be every spirit love.
- 2 O God! unite us heart to heart,  
In sympathy divine,  
That we be never drawn apart,  
And love not thee nor thine ;
- 3 But by the cross of Jesus taught,  
And all thy gracious word,  
Be nearer to each other brought,  
And nearer to the Lord.

403.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Crucifixion to the World.*

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small :  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

404.

L. M.

BACHE.

*"Greater Love hath no Man than this."*

- 1 "SEE how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,  
As tender tears from Jesus fell;  
My grateful heart the thought pursues,  
And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he loved, — who travelled on,  
Teaching the doctrine from the skies,  
Who bade disease and pain be gone,  
And called the sleeping dead to rise!
- 3 See how he loved, — who firm, yet mild,  
Patient endured the scoffing tongue!  
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,  
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he loved, — who never shrank  
From toil or danger, pain or death,  
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,  
And meekly yielded up his breath!
- 5 Such love can we, unmoved, survey?  
O, may our breast with ardor glow  
To tread his steps, his laws obey,  
And thus our warm affection show!

405.

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

*Christ's Precept of Love.*

- 1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,  
Our dying Master stands!  
His weeping followers, gathering round,  
Receive his last commands.

- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips  
What tender accents fell!  
The gentle precept which he gave  
Became its Author well.
- 3 "Blest is the man, whose softening heart  
Feels all another's pain;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain;
- 4 "Whose breast expands with generous warmth  
A stranger's woes to feel,  
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.
- 5 "He spreads his kind, supporting arms  
To every child of grief;  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And gives unasked relief.
- 6 "To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow;  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.
- 7 "Peace from the bosom of his God,  
My peace to him I give;  
And, when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 "To him protection shall be shown,  
And mercy from above  
Descend on those who thus fulfil  
The perfect law of love."

406.

C. M.

E. TAYLOR.

*For the Lord's Supper.*

- 1 "O, NOT for these alone I pray!"  
The dying Saviour said,  
Though on his breast that moment lay  
The loved disciple's head;
- 2 Though to his eye that moment sprung  
The kind, the pitying tear  
For those that eager round him hung,  
His words of love to hear.
- 3 No, not for them alone he prayed;  
For all of mortal race,  
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,  
Where'er their dwelling-place.
- 4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet,  
His feast of love to share;  
And, 'mid the toils of life, how sweet  
The memory of his prayer!
- 5 O, ne'er in souls that seek his face  
Let harsher passions reign,  
To tell the unbelieving race  
The Saviour prayed in vain!

407.

8s &amp; 7s M.

EXETER COL.

*After Communion.*

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls, refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head.

- 2 His example by beholding,  
 May our lives his image bear;  
 Him our Lord and Master calling,  
 His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,  
 Walking steadfast in his way,  
 Joy attend us in believing,  
 Peace from God through endless day.

408.

7s M.

PRATT'S COL.

*Bread of Heaven.*

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,  
 For thy flesh is meat indeed;  
 Ever let our souls be fed  
 With this true and living bread.
- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies  
 This blest cup of sacrifice;  
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give;  
 To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,  
 Through the life of Him who died,  
 Lord of life, O, let us be  
 Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

409.

L. M.

SCOTT.

*Forms and Rites vain without Virtue.*

- 1 THE uplifted eye and bended knee  
 Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;  
 In vain our lips thy praise prolong,  
 The heart a stranger to the song.

- 2 Can rites and forms and flaming zeal  
The breaches of thy precepts heal?  
Or fasts and penance reconcile  
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,  
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,  
To thee a nobler offering yields  
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields.
- 4 Love God and man: this great command  
Doth on eternal pillars stand;  
This did thine ancient prophets teach,  
And this thy Well-beloved preach.

410.

7s M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

*Praise to God.*

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous Source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ,—
- 2 For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;
- 4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—



- 5 These to thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green, untimely fruit;
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store;  
Though the sickening flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall;
- 8 Should thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain,  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy, —
- 9 Yet to thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise,  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee — for thyself alone.

411.

6s &amp; 4s M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Harvest Hymn.*

- 1 THE God of harvest praise;  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
Hand, heart, and voice;  
The valleys smile and sing,  
Forests and mountains ring,  
The plains their tribute bring,  
The streams rejoice.

- 2 Yea, bless his holy name,  
 And purest thanks proclaim  
     Through all the earth;  
 To glory in your lot  
 Is duty; but be not  
 God's benefits forgot,  
     Amidst your mirth.
- 3 The God of harvest praise;  
 Hands, hearts, and voices raise,  
     With sweet accord;  
 From field to garner throng,  
 Bearing your sheaves along,  
 And in your harvest song  
     Bless ye the Lord.

412.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*The Church. Institutions and Ordinances.*

- 1 WHEN here, O Lord! we seek thy face,  
 And dying sinners pray to live,  
 Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
 And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 2 When here thy messengers proclaim  
 The blessed gospel of thy Son,  
 Still by the power of his great name  
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 3 When children's voices raise the song  
 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,  
 Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;  
 Hosanna! let their angels sing.
- 4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
 Here to abide, no transient guest?  
 Here will our great Redeemer reign,  
 And here the Holy Spirit rest?

- 5 Thy glory never hence depart;  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;  
Thy kingdom come to every heart;  
In every bosom fix thy throne.

413.

L. M.

COWPER.

*On opening a Place for Social Worship.*

- 1 OUR God, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 4 Behold, at thy commanding word,  
We stretch the curtain and the cord;  
Come thou, and fill this wider space,  
And bless us with a large increase.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

414.

L. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

*Ordination of a Minister.*

- 1 O God, whose presence glows in all  
Within, around us, and above,  
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,  
Whose word is truth, whose name is Love.
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed,  
Of all who seek this sacred place;  
With power proclaimed, in peace received,  
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,  
To keep us meek, and make us free,  
And throw its binding blessing more  
Round each with all, and all with thee.
- 4 Direct and guard the youthful strength  
Devoted to thy Son this day;  
And give thy word full course at length  
O'er man's defects and time's decay.
- 5 Send down its angel to our side;  
Send in its calm upon the breast;  
For we would know no other guide,  
And we can need no other rest.

415.

C. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

*Ordination Hymn.*

- 1 O LORD of life and truth and grace,  
Ere nature was begun,  
Make welcome to our erring race  
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

- 2 We hail the church, built high o'er all  
The heathens' rage and scoff,  
Thy providence its fenced wall,  
"The Lamb the light thereof."
- 3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat  
Through sorrows and through scars;  
The golden lamps are at his feet,\*  
And in his hand the stars.
- 4 O, may he walk among us here,  
With his rebuke and love,  
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,  
A ray from worlds above!
- 5 Teach thou thy youthful servant, Lord,  
The mysteries he reveals,  
That reverence may receive the word,  
And meekness loose the seals.

416.

7s &amp; 6s M.

BISHOP HEBER.

*Missionary Hymn.*

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile?

\* Rev. ii. 1.

In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
By wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

417.

C. M.

MISS FLETCHER.

*Showing Mercy.*

- 1 THINK gently of the erring one !  
O, let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet !
- 2 Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the self-same God,  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
We have in weakness trod.
- 3 Speak gently to the erring ones !  
We yet may lead them back,  
With holy words, and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track.
- 4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,  
And sinful yet mayst be ;  
Deal gently with the erring heart,  
As God hath dealt with thee.

418.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Sow in Faith.*

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land!  
Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock,  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Drop it upon the rock!
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground  
Expect not here nor there;  
O'er hill and dale and plain 'tis found,  
Go forth, then, everywhere!  
And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky;  
Then when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
At heaven's great harvest-home.

419.

7s &amp; 6s M.

*Triumphs of the Gospel.*

- 1 THE morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears.  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us  
In many a gentle shower;  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour.  
Each cry to heaven going,  
Abundant answer brings;  
And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
- 4 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:



Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

420.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY

*The Baptism of the Spirit.*

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,  
Confusion order, in thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 5 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet,  
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

421.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

*Arise, shine, for thy Light is come.*

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust,  
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,  
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth;  
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge,"  
And "keep not back, O North!"
- 4 They come, they come; thine exiled bands,  
Where'er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn  
And God his works destroy,  
With songs the ransomed shall return,  
And everlasting joy.

422.

C. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

*In Times of Distress and Danger.*

- 1 O GOD that madest the earth and sky,  
The darkness and the day!  
Give ear to this thy family,  
And help us when we pray.

For wide the waves of bitterness  
Around our vessel roar,  
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,  
To view the rocky shore.

- 2 The cross our Master bore for us,  
For him we fain would bear;  
But mortal strength to weakness turns,  
And courage to despair:  
Then mercy on our failings, Lord!  
Our sinking faith renew!  
And when his sorrows visit us,  
Oh send his patience too!

423.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Prayer and Hope of Victory. Ps. 20.*

- 1 Now may the God of power and grace  
Attend his people's humble cry;  
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,  
And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 In his salvation is our hope,  
And in the name of Israel's God  
Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses trained for war,  
And some of chariots make their boasts;  
Our surest expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 4 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,  
Till thy salvation shall appear,  
And joy and triumph raise the song.

424.

6s &amp; 4s M.

J. S. DWIGHT.

*Our Native Land.*

- 1 GOD bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of winds and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise  
To God above the skies;  
On him we wait:  
Thou who hast heard each sigh,  
Watching each weeping eye,  
Be thou for ever nigh;  
God save the State!

425.

6s &amp; 4s M.

S. F. SMITH

*My Country.*

- 1 MY country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song!  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathes partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sounds prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,—  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

426.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*For New Year's Day.*

- 1 MY Helper, God, I bless his name;  
The same his power, his grace the same;  
The tokens of his friendly care  
Open and crown and close the year.
- 2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,  
Supported by his guardian hand,  
And see, when I survey my ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;  
Thus far I make his mercy known;  
And, while I tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.

427.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*For a new Year.*

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
Of the revolving year;  
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!  
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal life has done  
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass  
The swift-advancing year,  
And study artful ways to increase  
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God! my trifling heart,  
Its great concern to see;  
That I may act the Christian part,  
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise;  
Or this shall bear my smiling soul  
To joy that never dies.

428.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

*For a new Year.*

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand:  
The opening year thy mercy shows;  
That mercy crowns it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God,  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

429.

P. M.

WESLEY'S COL

*For a new Year.*

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream ; our time as a stream  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

- 4 The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone ;  
 The millennial year  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 5 O that each, in the day of his coming, may say,  
 " I have fought my way through ;  
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to  
 do" !
- 6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad  
 word,  
 " Well and faithfully done !  
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne" !

430.

7s M.

J. NEWTON.

*Time how swift.*

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here :  
 Fixed in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below ;  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little none can know.
- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies,  
 Speedily the mark to find, —  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
 All below is but a dream.



- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view :  
Bless thy word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

431.

C. M.

GASKELL.

*Close of the Year.*

- 1 O God! to thee our hearts would pay  
Their gratitude sincere,  
Whose love hath kept us, night and day,  
Throughout another year.
- 2 Of every breath and every power,  
Thou wast the gracious source ;  
From thee came every happy hour  
Which smiled along its course.
- 3 And if sometimes across our path  
A cloud its shadows threw,  
Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,  
But loving-kindness true.
- 4 For joy and grief alike we pay  
Our thanks to thee above ;  
And only pray to grow each day  
More worthy of thy love.

432.

C. M.

PEABODY.

*The Autumn Evening.*

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light!  
It melts in deeper gloom;  
So calm the righteous sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree;  
So gently flows the parting breath,  
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful, on all the hills,  
The crimson light is shed!  
'Tis like the peace the dying gives  
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast!  
So sweet the memory left behind,  
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And, lo! above the dews of night  
The vesper star appears;  
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,  
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 6 Night falls, but soon the morning light  
Its glories shall restore;  
And thus the eyes that sleep in death  
Shall wake, to close no more.

433.

6s &amp; 4s M.

MRS. HEMANS.

*Funeral Prayer.*

- 1 **LOWLY** and solemn be  
Thy children's cry to thee,  
Father divine! —  
A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owning that life and death  
Alike are thine.
- 2 O Father! in that hour  
When earth all succoring power  
Shall disavow, —  
When spear and shield and crown  
In faintness are cast down, —  
Sustain us, thou!
- 3 By Him who bowed to take  
The death-cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod, —  
From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away, —  
Aid us, O God!
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,  
We call on thee to save,  
Father divine!  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;  
Keep us, in life and death,  
Thine, only thine.

434.

P. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

*Funeral Hymn.*

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee ;  
    Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,  
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,  
    And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold thee,  
    Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
    And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansions forsaking,  
    Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long ;  
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,  
    And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,  
    When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide ;  
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,  
    Where death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.

435.

P. M.

MILMAN.

*Funeral Hymn.*

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,  
And thy saintly soul is flown  
Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow is unknown;  
From the burden of the flesh,  
And from care and fear released,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.
- 2 Sin can never taint thee now,  
Nor doubt thy faith assail,  
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ  
And the Holy spirit fail;  
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,  
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.
- 3 "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"  
The solemn priest hath said,  
So we lay the turf above thee now,  
And we seal thy narrow bed;  
But thy spirit, brother, soars away  
Among the faithful blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

436.

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Young spirit rest thee now!  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
 Soul, to its place on high!  
 They that have seen thy look in death  
 No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
 Whence thy meek smile is gone;  
 But O, a brighter home than ours,  
 In heaven is now thine own!

437.

11s &amp; 4s M.

WHITTIER.

*Time and Eternity. Life and Death.*

- 1 WITH silence only as their benediction,  
 God's angels come,  
 Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
 The soul sits dumb.
- 2 Yet would we say what every heart approveth,  
 Our Father's will,  
 Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,  
 Is mercy still.
- 3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel  
 Hath evil wrought;  
 The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;  
 The good die not!
- 4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
 What he has given;  
 They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly  
 As in his heaven.

438.

C. M.

WHITTIER.

*Not lost, but gone before.*

- 1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given;  
And glows once more with angel steps  
The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 O, half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to heaven a shining one,  
Who walked an angel here.
- 3 Unto our Father's will alone  
One thought hath reconciled:  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home his child.
- 4 Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and thee.
- 5 Still let her mild rebukings stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong.

439.

C. M.

WATTS.

*"Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord."*

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims  
For all the pious dead:  
Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;  
How kind their slumbers are !  
From sufferings and from sins released,  
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife  
They're present with the Lord ;  
The labors of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

440.

S. M.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

*Thanks for all Saints.*

- 1 For all thy saints, O God !  
Who strove in Christ to live,  
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O God !  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted Christ their great reward,  
And strove in him to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,  
With him, their Lord, in view,  
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,  
And humbly beg that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
And live and die in thee.



441.

7s M.

J. H. BANCROFT.

*The Christian's Burial.*

- 1 BROTHER, though from yonder sky  
Cometh neither voice nor cry,  
Yet we know for thee to-day  
Every pain hath passed away.
- 2 Not for thee shall tears be given,  
Child of God and heir of heaven ;  
For he gave thee sweet release ;  
Thine the Christian's death of peace.
- 3 Well we know thy living faith  
Had the power to conquer death ;  
As a living rose may bloom  
By the border of the tomb.
- 4 Brother, in that solemn trust,  
We commend thy dust to dust ;  
In that faith we wait, till, risen,  
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.
- 5 While we weep as Jesus wept,  
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept ;  
Then with Jesus thou shalt rest,  
Crowned and glorified and blest.

442.

C. M.

WATTS.

*The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.

- 2 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb ?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
And softened every bed ;  
Where should the dying members rest  
But with the dying Head ?
- 4 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way ;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising day.
- 5 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise ;  
Awake, ye nations under ground ;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

443.

C. M.

*Peaceful Death of the Righteous.*

- 1 I LOOKED upon the righteous man,  
And saw his parting breath,  
Without a struggle or a sigh,  
Serenely yield to death :  
There was no anguish on his brow,  
Nor terror in his eye ;  
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,  
But lost the victory.
- 2 I looked upon the righteous man,  
And heard the holy prayer,  
Which rose above that breathless form  
To soothe the mourner's care ;

And felt how precious was the gift  
 He to his loved ones gave, —  
 The stainless memory of the just,  
 The wealth beyond the grave.

- 3 I looked upon the righteous man ;  
 And all our earthly trust  
 Of pleasure, vanity, or pride,  
 Seemed lighter than the dust  
 Compared with his celestial gain,  
 A home above the sky :  
 O, grant us, Lord, his life to live,  
 That we like him may die !

444.

8s &amp; 7s M.

MOIR.

*Death of a Child.*

- 1 FARE thee well, our fondly cherished !  
 Dear, dear spirit, fare thee well !  
 He who lent thee hath recalled thee,  
 Back with him and his to dwell.
- 2 Like a sunbeam through our dwelling  
 Shone thy presence, bright and calm ;  
 Thou didst add a zest to pleasure ;  
 To our sorrows thou wast balm.
- 3 Yet while mourning, O our lost one !  
 Come no visions of despair ;  
 Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel  
 Saith, thou art not, art not there.
- 4 Where, then, art thou ? with the Saviour,  
 Blest, for ever blest, to be ;  
 'Mid the sinless little children  
 Who have heard his " Come to me."

- 5 Passed the shades of death's dark valley,  
Thou art leaning on his breast,  
Where the wicked may not enter,  
And the weary are at rest.
- 6 Plead, that in a Father's mercy  
All our sins may be forgiven;  
Angel! plead, that thou mayst greet us,  
Ransomed, at the gates of heaven.

## II. MORNING AND EVENING.

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445.

L. M.

BISHOP KENN.

*Morning.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem ;  
Improve thy talent with due care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;  
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear ;  
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design or do or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

446.

L. M. 6 lines. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

*Morning or Evening.*

- 1 As every day thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials or its cares,  
O Father! till my life shall end,  
Be thou my counsellor and friend;  
Teach me thy statutes all divine,  
And let thy will be always mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,  
Guard me, my Father, while I rest;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
O lead me onward to the skies!
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Father, thine heavenly radiance shed  
To cheer and bless my dying bed;  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise  
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

447.

L. M.

KEBLE.

*Morning.*

- 1 O TIMELY happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise,  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new!
- 2 New every morning is the love  
Our waking and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life and power and thought.

- 3 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If, on our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 O, could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise!  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!
- 6 The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask,  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

448.

L. M.

WATTS.

*A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east,  
The circuit of his race begins,  
And, without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O, like the sun may I fulfil  
The appointed duties of the day!  
With ready mind and active will  
March on and keep my heavenly way.

- 4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,  
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

449.

7s M.

EPISCOPAL COL.

*Morning Hymn.*

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;  
Now the morning light is come ;  
Lord, may we be thine to-day,  
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
Banish doubt and clear our sight;  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
May we stand and watch and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;  
Save us from our foes around ;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,  
O receive us, then, at last !  
Night and sin will be no more,  
When we reach the heavenly shore.

450.

7s M.

DODDRIDGE.

*Before Sleep.*

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,  
Welcome to my weary head ;  
Welcome, slumbers, to mine eyes,  
Tired with glaring vanities.



- 2 My great Master still allows  
Needful periods of repose ;  
By my heavenly Father blessed,  
Thus I give my powers to rest.
- 3 Heavenly Father ! gracious name !  
Night and day his love the same ;  
Far be each suspicious thought,  
Every anxious care forgot.
- 4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,  
Crown'st my days with various good,  
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,  
These defenceless hours shall keep.
- 5 Blest vicissitude to me !  
Day and night I'm still with thee ;  
Guarded thus, I sink to rest,  
Folded in a Father's breast.

451.

S. M.

BRIGGS'S COL.

*Times and Seasons.*

- 1 COME at the morning hour,  
Come, let us kneel and pray ;  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff  
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of Ages, rest and pray ;  
Sweet is that shelter from the sun  
In the weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy home,  
Around its altar pray ;  
And finding there the house of God,  
With heaven then close the day.

- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,  
O, it is sweet to say,  
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!  
With thee to watch and pray.

452.

7s M.

DODDRIDGE.

*In the Night Watches.*

- 1 WHILE the stars unnumbered roll  
Round the ever-constant pole;  
Far above these spangled skies,  
All my soul to God shall rise;
- 2 'Midst the silence of the night,  
Mingling with those angels bright,  
Whose harmonious voices raise  
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise.
- 3 Through the throng his gentle ear  
Shall my tuneless accents hear;  
From on high doth he impart  
Secret comfort to my heart.
- 4 He, in these serenest hours,  
Guides my intellectual powers;  
And his Spirit doth diffuse  
Sweeter far than midnight dews,—
- 5 Lifting all my thoughts above,  
On the wings of faith and love:  
Blest alternative to me,  
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee!

453.

L. M.

WATTS.

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on ;  
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past ;  
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

454.

L. M.

BISHOP KENN.

*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own almighty wings !
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That, with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

- 4 O, may my soul on thee repose,  
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close! —  
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make,  
 To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!  
 Praise him, all creatures here below!  
 Praise him, ye angels round his throne!  
 Praise God, the high and holy One!

455.

P. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

*Evening Aspiration.*

God, that madest earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light, —  
 Who the day for toil hast given,  
 For rest the night, —  
 May thine angel guards defend us,  
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This livelong night.

456.

C. M.

BOWRING.

*Nature's Evening Hymn.*

- 1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God!  
 Attune their evening hymn;  
 All-wise, all-holy, thou art praised  
 In song of seraphim;  
 Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,  
 Unite to worship thee,  
 While thy majestic greatness fills  
 Space, time, eternity.

- 2 Nature, — a temple worthy thee,  
 That beams with light and love;  
 Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,  
 Whose stars rejoice above;  
 Whose altars are the mountain cliffs  
 That rise along the shore;  
 Whose anthems, the sublime accord  
 Of storm and ocean roar, —
- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung  
 By spring's awakening hours;  
 Her summer offers at thy shrine  
 Its earliest, loveliest flowers;  
 Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,  
 In glorious luxury given,  
 While winter's silver heights reflect  
 Thy brightness back to heaven.
- 4 On all thou smil'st; and what is man  
 Before thy presence, God?  
 A breath but yesterday inspired,  
 To-morrow but a clod;  
 That clod shall mingle in the vale,  
 But, kindled, Lord, by thee,  
 The spirit to thy arms shall spring,  
 To life, to liberty.

457.

8s &amp; 7s M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

*Peace be with you.*

- 1 PART in peace! is day before us?  
 Praise his name for life and light!  
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?  
 Bless his care who guards the night.

- 2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,  
 Rendering, as we homeward tread,  
 Gracious service to the living,  
 Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace! such are the praises  
 God, our Maker, loveth best;  
 Such the worship that upraises  
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

458.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Morning or Evening.*

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love!  
 Thy gifts are every evening new,  
 And morning mercies from above  
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command;  
 To thee I consecrate my days;  
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

459.

L. M. 6 lines.

*"The Lord is my Light."*

- 1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;  
 Thy word into our minds instil,  
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
 With lowly love and fervent will.  
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus! be our light.

- 2 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release ;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus! be our light.
- 3 Do more than pardon, give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And simple hearts without alloy  
That only long to be like thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

460.

8s &amp; 7s M.

C. ROBBINS.

*Sabbath Evening Worship.*

- 1 Lo! the day of rest declineth ;  
Gather fast the shades of night :  
May the sun, that ever shineth,  
Fill our souls with heavenly light!
- 2 Softly now the dew is falling ;  
Peace o'er all the scene is spread ;  
On his children, meekly calling,  
Purer influence God will shed.
- 3 While thine ear of love addressing,  
Thus our parting hymn we sing :  
Father, give thine evening blessing ;  
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

461.

L. M.

KEBLE

*"Abide with us."*

- 1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near;  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near, and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.



462.

P. M.

H. WARE, JR.

*Prayer at Morning and Evening.*

- 1 To prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks,  
And earth in her Maker's smiles awakes :  
His light is on all below and above, —  
The light of gladness and life and love.  
O, then, on the breath of this early air,  
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer!
- 2 To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of night comes on :  
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,  
To shade the couch where his children repose.  
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of  
night.

463.

L. M.

COLLYER.

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone!  
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise,  
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,  
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone!  
Swept from the records of the year;  
And still, with every setting sun,  
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone!  
But soon a fairer shall arise, —  
A day whose never-setting sun  
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

- 4 Another fleeting day is gone!  
In solemn silence rest, my soul,  
And bow before his awful throne,  
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

464.

7s M.

EPISCOPAL COL.

*Evening Devotion.*

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon our sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, we would commune with thee!
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Nought escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 When, from us, the light of day  
Shall on earth have passed away,  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

465.

7s M.

S. F. SMITH.

*Sabbath and Sanctuary.*

- 1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath day;  
Gently as life's setting sun,  
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth as daylight fades;  
All things tell of calm repose  
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3. Peace is on the world abroad ;  
'Tis the holy peace of God,  
Symbol of the peace within,  
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,  
Where the evening worshipper  
Seeks communion with the skies,  
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be  
Days of peace and joy in thee,  
Till in heaven our souls repose,  
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

466.

L. M.

RAY PALMER.

*Evening Worship.*

- 1 COME, Jesus, with the coming night,  
Refresh and cheer my weary heart ;  
At evening time it shall be light,  
If thou art near, though day depart.
- 2 Welcome this shade that brings release  
From hurrying labor's noise and strife ;  
That calls from restless thought to cease,  
And calms the throbbing pulse of life.
- 3 From tedious toil, from anxious care,  
Dear Lord, I turn again to thee ;  
Thy presence and thy smile to share  
Makes every burden light to me.
- 4 With thee, of all sad thoughts beguiled,  
Peace nestles in my tranquil breast ;  
And, like a pleased and happy child,  
In thy kind arms I sink to rest.

467.

C. M.

MORAVIAN.

*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,  
This instant passing night;  
And grant to me most graciously  
The safeguard of thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,  
Since thou wilt not remove;  
O in the morning let me rise,  
Rejoicing in thy love!
- 3 Or if this night should prove the last,  
And end my transient days,  
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,  
Where I may sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus I am sure to live or die  
To thee, the God of love;  
In life and death I do rely  
On thee who reign'st above.

468.

L. M.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

*Evening Worship.*

- 1 O HOLY Father! 'mid the calm  
And stillness of this evening hour,  
We would lift up our solemn psalm  
To praise thy goodness, and thy power;  
For over us, and over all,  
Thy tender mercies still extend,  
Nor vainly shall thy children call  
On thee, our Father and our Friend!

2 Kept by thy goodness through the day,  
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;  
Night o'er us, with its stars, we pray  
Thy love to guard us evermore.  
In grief, console; in gladness, bless;  
In darkness, guide; in sickness, cheer;  
Till, in the Saviour's righteousness,  
Before thy throne our souls appear.

469.

6s &amp; 10s M.

BRIGGS'S COL.

*Benediction.*

1 THE peace which God bestows  
Through Him who died and rose,  
The peace the Father giveth through the Son,  
Be known in every mind,  
The broken heart to bind,  
And bless each traveller as he journeys on.

2 Ye who have known to weep,  
Where your beloved sleep;  
Ye who have raised the deep, the bitter cry, —  
God's blessing be as balm,  
The fevered heart to calm,  
And wondrous peace the troubled mind supply.

3 Ere daily strifes begin  
The war without, within,  
The God of love, with spirit and with power,  
Now on each bended head  
His deepest blessing shed,  
And keep us all through every troubled hour.

## **Doxologies.**

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1.

S. M.

To God, the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all who dwell below the skies  
Their grateful praises bring.

2.

S. M.

To God, the only wise,  
Who keeps us by his word,  
Be glory now and evermore,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

3.

C. M.

To Him who reigns in worlds of light  
The eternal King of heaven,  
Be honor, majesty, and might,  
And praise, and glory, given.

4.

L. M.

To Him who dwells in heavenly light,  
Beyond the reach of human sight,  
The King supreme, the Lord of heaven,  
Be endless praise and honor given.

5.

7s M.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,  
 While Jehovah's praise we sing;  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Be thy glorious name adored!

6.

H. M.

GLORY to God on high!  
 For ever bless his name;  
 Let earth and seas and sky  
 His wondrous love proclaim:  
     To him be praise  
     And glory given  
 By all on earth,  
     And all in heaven.

7.

7s M.

GASKELL.

*Doxology.*

FATHER! glory be to thee,  
 Source of all the good we see!  
 Glory for the blessed Light  
 Rising on the ancient night!  
 Glory for the hopes that come  
 Streaming through the silent tomb!  
 Glory for thy Spirit given,  
 Guiding us in peace to heaven!

## COVENANT OF FIRST CHURCH.

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THIS CHURCH was gathered, Aug. 27, 1680, under the following Covenant:—

In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in obedience to his holy will and divine ordinance, —

We, whose names are hereunder written, being by His most wise and good providence brought together into this part of America, in the Bay of Massachusetts; and desirous to unite ourselves into one Congregation or Church under the Lord Jesus Christ, our head, in such sort as becometh all those whom he hath redeemed and sanctified to himself, — do hereby solemnly and religiously (as in his most holy presence) promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the gospel, and in all sincere conformity to his holy ordinances, and in mutual love and respect each to other, so near as God shall give us grace.



## HOUSES OF WORSHIP.

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THE first House of Worship was erected on State Street, A.D. 1632.

The second was built on Cornhill, A.D. 1639 ; and was consumed by fire, Oct. 2, 1711. Rebuilt on the same spot, A.D. 1718, and for many years known as the "Old Brick."

The fourth Meeting-house was erected in Chauncy Place, A.D. 1808. Services were held in it for the last time, May 10, 1868. The Corner-stone of the fifth, or present, Meeting-house, was laid April 4, 1867.

# MINISTERS OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

JOHN WILSON . . .	Installed as Teacher,	Aug. 27, 1680	.
" "	" Minister,	Nov. 23, 1682	.
JOHN COTTON . . .	" "	Oct. 17, 1683	.
JOHN NORTON . . .	" "	July 23, 1686	.
JOHN DAVENPORT . . .	" "	Dec. 9, 1668	.
JAMES ALLEN . . .	" "	Dec. 9, 1668	.
JOHN OXENBRIDGE . . .	" "	April 10, 1670	.
JOSHUA MOODY . . .	" Assistant,	May 8, 1684	.
JOHN BAILEY . . .	" "	July 17, 1693	.
BENJAMIN WADSWORTH . . .	. . . ordained	Sept. 8, 1696	.
<div style="text-align:center;">Chosen President of Harvard College, 1725.</div>			
THOMAS BRIDGE . . .	. . . installed	May 10, 1705	.
THOMAS FOXCROFT . . .	. . . ordained	Nov. 20, 1717	.
CHARLES CHAUNCEY, D.D. . . .	" "	Oct. 25, 1727	.
JOHN CLARK, D.D. . . .	" "	July 8, 1778	.
WILLIAM EMERSON . . .	. . . installed	Oct. 16, 1799	.
JOHN L. ABBOT . . .	. . . ordained	July 14, 1813	.
NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM, D.D. . . .	" "	Mar. 15, 1815	.
RUFUS ELLIS . . .	. . . installed	May 4, 1853	.



